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The Genie of the Lamp-

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FLUTTERING HER "FANS"

A recent portrait of Greta Garbo, whose appearance in her latest talkie, "Mata Hari," will undoubtedly startle her vast army of admirers. Forsaking the quiet, almost drab clothes which she usually affects, "La Garbo," in the rôle of the notorious spy, appears in some of the most exotic, attenuated and startling costumes ever seen on the screen

Princess Dmitri

Douglas

Whose marriage to Prince Dmitri, the son of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, took place in Paris last November

The Passing

THE voices of Social Secretaries have been growing increasingly hoarse during the past few days, though now they are enjoying a well-earned rest, poor dears. The earlier inability of Mr. C. B. Cochran to announce the exact date of the opening night of *The Miracle*, and the consequent impossibility of knowing when the Festival Performance would take place, were responsible for some inconvenience, for any number of large dinner-parties were to be given in connection with it. No fewer than four days, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, were all mentioned as the probable night for the *prèmiere*.

THEY did not even know the date of Lady Cunard's tea-party at 7, Grosvenor Square, for which function Lady Alexandra Metcalfe had returned specially from Rome. This was, incidentally, an affair which has occasioned no little talk. A number of well-known film and stage actresses, who included Miss Winifred Shotter, Sir Bernard Spilsbury's daughter, and General Selwyn's daughter, had been persuaded by Lady Barker to sell programmes at the Festival Performance. Each of them had received an invitation to tea, and some of them were rather excited about it.

SEVERAL arrived at Lady Cunard's house, and, while the committee meeting took place, Lady Cunard posed them for a group photograph and kindly allowed herself to be included, while the actress visitors added youth and beauty. After the photograph had been taken, these visitors, who had been asked to tea, were somewhat disconcerted, if not distressed, when they received an intimation that the subsequent proceedings would interest them no more. Those who had come to tea and remained only long enough to be photographed, acting on the intimation received, then departed.

Right: Miss Joan Levett, the only daughter of Major Berkeley Levett, C.V.O., an Extra Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, and of Mrs. Levett. She is the niece of Sir William Bass

Claud Harris

Hour:

The "Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

A FEW minutes later Lady Barker met the tea-less visitors in Grosvenor Square, and, strange as it may appear, they were somewhat upset, three of them being actually in tears, not realising, of course, that there had been a misunderstanding about their being asked to tea, a mistake which is likely to occur in the best-regulated households.

AT five o'clock half-a-dozen others appeared at the house, headed by Miss Selwyn and Miss Spilsbury, all unaware that their utility had been, shall I say, negatived by the photograph of Lady Cunard and others having already been taken. Under the circumstances there was no need for their presence, and as soon as they arrived the matter was made perfectly obvious to them.

Wedding Guests

Miss Pamela Nichol and Mr. Jack Coates, who were among the guests at the recent Stanley—Collins wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

A St. Margaret's Wedding

Mr. Frederick Stanley, a nephew of the Earl of Derby, and Miss Ann Collins leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. The bride is the only daughter of Colonel William and Lady Evelyn Collins and a niece of the Duke of Roxburghe. The honeymoon is being spent in Madeira

Lady Cunard at Home

Lady Cunard (right) and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe at the former's house in Grosvenor Square, where a meeting of the Grand Committee of the Festival Performance of "The Miracle" was held. It took place at the Lyceum Theatre last Monday evening

The Cape of Good Hope

Right: The Hon. Freddy Cripps at the races at Lingfield. The unusual cape he is sporting may have been a cape of good hope, for racegoers are always eager to beat that difficult man, the bookie

I CONFESS to being somewhat surprised at seeing Miss Margot Graham and another pretty film actress sitting all by themselves, without tea or escorts, in the further room. Perhaps they looked so much like débutantes that no one in the household had spotted them as actresses. But if it had not been for me they would still have had no tea, and even then it took some minutes to get it.

LAST week I suggested that Lord Warwick would presumably go into retirement for a few days after the breaking off of his engagement to Miss Whigham. But not a bit of it. Within three days he was

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING AT HAWTHORN

Lady Dashwood and Mrs. Alan Adair at the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill. Other photographs taken at this popular meeting appear on this and the opposite page

Above: Major Alexander and the Hon. Elizabeth Brand. The latter is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Hampden

Miss Sheila Foster, Miss Betty Shaughnessy, and her fiancé, Mr. Dennis Fitzgerald

Right: The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy and Mrs. Mark Milbank in the paddock

Below: Mrs. Jack Durham-Matthews. Her husband rode in the Irish Guards Challenge Cup race and also in the Regimental team race

At the 'Chases

Captain and Mrs. C. H. Liddell in the paddock at Hawthorn Hill. They are both very keen hunting people and are well known in Leicestershire, where they have their home. Mrs. Liddell bears a close resemblance to Lady Chesham

dancing with a broad smile on his face with Lady Bridget Poulett, who was to have been one of Miss Whigham's bridesmaids. The scene was Poulsen's Club at Datchet, and the incident caused quite a lot of comment.

THAT evening Lord Warwick, Lord Poulett, Mr. Max Aitken, and other young men were wearing those turned-down American collars with their dinner jackets, of which Lord Westmorland has been so long a pioneer in this country. They seem to be exactly the kind of thing to wear at a country club. In the same way, the new cinema-dress seems exactly right for similar occasions. Evening dress is a little too over-dressed, and day clothes appear too negligent.

IN London there has been little or no entertaining, except by the Diplomatic Corps. Following the excellent ball given by the Egyptian Minister at Bute House, the Danish Minister and the Austrian Minister both gave parties. You always get wonderful music

Left: Mrs. Ion Tower, the wife of Captain Ion Tower, R.N., who is on a course at Greenwich at present

HILL

Miss Violet Blundell and Lord Portarlington and two cheery smiles

at Baron Franckenstein's, while the homely atmosphere at the Danish Legation is charmingly unique. They must be the most popular pair in diplomacy.

ONE of the prettiest weddings of the year was that of Major Brocas Burrowes and Miss Molly Le Bas. I must say that if it were possible for me, I would choose the Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks for a wedding. Its rich Byzantine interior and the military band are so tremendously effective. But the Chapel does not hold very many people. However, the Guard of Honour always looks wonderfully well at St. Margaret's, as it did on this occasion.

AT the reception in Bryanston Square there was a tremendous crowd, which was managed extremely well. Mr. Gervais Tennyson D'Eyncourt carried his small son, Jeremy, on his shoulders, and Lady Lindsay-Hogg looked extremely handsome. She was going off to her solicitors a few minutes later, but not before she saw the carving of the wedding cake with the bridegroom's sword—which is another pretty concomitant to a wedding that a civilian must do without.

AT this wedding someone was speaking of Miss Spreckles, the American heiress who is credited with a fortune of fifty million dollars—or is it pounds?—and was wondering whether she would become engaged while she was over here. But she has since left for Paris. Miss Doris Duke, the girl who owns the Lucky Strike fortune in America, was left singularly unmoved by the charms of our young men when she visited London last year. Has Miss Spreckles been equally impervious?

TWO very attractive Americans in London now are Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Greenough. They come from Boston, and Mr. Greenough was Captain of the Harvard football team. They are particularly interested in the Lindbergh baby case, because, two or three years ago, Mrs. Greenough's small son was threatened with vitriol if she did not drop ten thousand dollars' worth of notes in the street the following day, for her blackmailers to pick up. And that was in Boston!

MR. GREENOUGH, like many other Americans, thinks that the only financial hope for America is to stop Prohibition. Prohibition, merely in the loss on the beer tax, costs America nine hundred million dollars a year. And if Prohibition went, the racketeers would go also. He added that an American banker told him that there is only £20,000 left in the coffers of one of the Central European States, and that is why England has been compelled to drop the Buy British campaign.

THE Greenoughs, who are staying here for another week, were dining at Quaglino's, where Nikitina was another guest, and where a tremendous ovation was given to Mayfair's latest cabaret idol. His name is Mischa de la Motte. In appearance he resembles Douglas Byng. His burlesques are brilliant, and he was encored about six times.

THERE is, indeed, a great chance now for a new cabaret entertainer in the West End. Douglas Byng is still in the United States, where he nearly died of pneumonia. Ord Hamilton, though making a marvellous recovery from his accident, is still in a nursing home. Rex Evans still goes racing at Lingfield and elsewhere. De la Motte has, at the moment, anyway, a great chance.

Left: Captain and Mrs. Douglas Faulkner enjoying an "easy" between the races. Captain Faulkner is in the Irish Guards

Below: Lord Somerton and his sister, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys. The former was unable to ride in the Royal Horse Guards Regimental race owing to a broken arm

Right: Miss Violet de Worms (left) and Miss Jocelyn Wingfield wondering if their fancy will really win

An ARTIST on ICE

New portraits of PRINCESS GEORGE IMERETINSKY

a brilliant Skater and an expert Needlewoman

THE daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, Princess George Imeretinsky, who is a Gold Medallist skater, is seen in the smaller photograph in her sitting room at 6, Belgrave Square, the home of her parents, at work on embroidery

JIM LAWRENCE—Peripatetic Jim—is not going around as much as he did. The reason for this is that he is about to take a Chartered Accountant's examination, and this compels him to work all day and have at least nine hours' sleep in the country every night. It does not, however, seem to agree with him at all. He was looking distinctly poorly.

HIS absence is a distinct loss to débutantes. The few young men who are available as regular escorts for débutantes can be counted on two hands. When you have mentioned Mr. Mason, Mr. Birkin, Mr. Weldon, Mr. Clarence Moore, and the Wards, you have to start thinking hard to add up to the remainder of the list. It is the irony of fate that when there is such a remarkably good vintage of pretty débutantes, there are so few young men available. No wonder that one of the best known of the former says loudly that she prefers married men.

ONE of the most interesting men in London last week was Captain Spencer Freeman, the organiser of the Irish Sweep Draw. He tells me that money is pouring in faster than ever for the Derby Sweep, and that the prize-money will be more than the enormous sum of two and a-half million pounds.

Racing Hints

By "Old Orkney"

***Water Way** is very well at present. Fine type of sprinter and she gave her admirers a good run for their money at Leicester. Should prove an early winner.*

***Young Native** was soundly supported in the offices, and the odds were nearly landed at Warwick. Will prove useful over a mile.*

***Bushranger** must be noted for a Juvenile Seller. Carried good money at Lingfield when finishing third. Was placed at Alexandra Park a few days previously.*

***Sweet and Lovely** looked it at Lingfield. There was a plunge on this débutante, who was beaten by the shortest of heads. Was favourite in a field of twenty.*

***Spearwood** was unlucky to be crowded out at the first bend at Alexandra Park. Ran gamely to be beaten on the post. Was backed with confidence and losses will be recovered. A genuine stayer.*

***Notice Board** will be all the better for his Lingfield race. Won over two miles at Manchester last back-end. Has accepted for the Great Metropolitan Stakes.*

IT is certainly high time that Mayfair won a few prizes. I asked Captain Freeman if he could send me a few statistics with regard to the percentage of money won by people living in the W.1 area. He has now written to say that no one in Dublin seems to know whether Wardour Street, for example, comes into that category. The fact remains that even then the proportion that Mayfair has won, so far, must be infinitely less than ·001 per cent.

I DO not often go to exhibitions, but Olympia at the moment is really rather a fascinating place. And you are liable to meet any number of your friends and acquaintances there — most of them looking at water softeners, beds, and the latest kinds of radio-gramophones. A few minutes before I reached the Two-in-One Rooms, Lord Lonsdale had allowed himself to be photographed in the man's bed-sitting-room.

THE Dowager Lady Forres, Warwick Deeping, the novelist, Lady Zia Wernher, and Sir Harry McGowan, were some of the people I saw there. Warwick Deeping, naturally enough, was interested in the garden which had been built according to the description of the one he mentions in *Apples of Gold*—a pretty parcel of land shut in by a high thorn hedge, and a really attractive example of gardening which is a great credit to those who constructed it.

COCKTAIL parties last week included one of his usual series given by Anthony Bradley, in Old Bond Street, and another by Peggy Morris on the same evening. Several of the guests, however, were going to the fight at the Albert Hall between Carnera and McCorkindale, and so had to leave early. I should imagine, by the way, that Jeff Dickson, the promoter, must have lost money on this. Carnera is rapidly fighting himself out of public interest, and nobody likes to see a good man thrashed in a fight where he has not got a chance, although McCorkindale put up a splendid show.

Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, seen on their arrival at New York on board the "Majestic." The latter was formerly Miss Valerie French

Left: Lady Marguerite Bligh, who was one of the bridesmaids attending Miss Ann Collins at her wedding to Mr. Frederick Stanley

Miss A. Kayser (front), Miss E. Bottomley, Miss B. Grant, Miss D. Kayser, Miss Jessop, and Miss J. Wilks, Society girls who took part in the recent Elizabethan Fayre in aid of the Bassetlaw Conservative and Unionist Association. Their pyjamas appear more neo-Georgian than Elizabethan

A Débutante of 1932

Miss Anne Geraldine Charteris, who will be presented at Court this season, is the daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss. Her mother, who was a sister of the Duchess of Rutland, died in 1925

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

HOW attractive the new tiny fichu capes are for the young and beautiful! Miss Rose Bingham has one in red velvet, Lady Bridgett Poulett a grey lace and white tulle one, and Mrs. Drury-Lowe a loose scarf-cape in grey chiffon with two rows of tiny frills. They are more becoming than straight, hard straps. I don't like Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton's design in multi-coloured satin; she always looks her best in soft, floating materials.

WHY was one of our most-talked-about ex-débutantes so cross at the Café de Paris last week? Could a tall, dark, recently-married young man's inattention have anything to do with it?

LADY EDWARD HAY and her brother, Sir Paul Lathom, have the fairest hair in London. The ash-blonde effect is very lovely on a woman, but I'm not sure if I like a man to be so pale o' colour. Sir Paul is the blondest young man in the Houses of Parliament, and Mr. Brendon Bracken the reddest; there are many runners-up for the brunette stakes.

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM is looking more beautiful than ever, a rather wistful expression suits her—some of the newspapers and unkind comments have made her very depressed, but most people who are sensible admire her courage.

LADY HINDLIP, very chic, is back from her honeymoon. She has a clever face, which is especially attractive when she smiles. She dances beautifully, but rather intensely. Lord Hindlip is charming, and very much in love.

A CERTAIN Viscountess seems to have lost her best young man to her double.

GLORIA SWANSON, or, rather, Mrs. Michael Farmer, proud mother of a brand-new baby, possesses the most attractive house in Mayfair. Every room is unusually shaped, the bathrooms are most seductive, and the cocktail bar the smartest ever. There is also a nursery suite with every modern gadget. Lucky girl, the newly arrived Miss Farmer!

NONE of our young beauties drink anything but water, so no wonder they have divine complexions. Some of our young marrieds should take a lesson from the junior class, especially one in particular, who is rapidly spoiling herself.

EVERYONE is very interested in the most Dietrich-ish romance between a film star, so good-looking and tall, and one of our most-talked-of young marrieds.

ONE of the most spoilt ex-débutantes has a new pose: she complains about her health. "I'm terribly ill," she whines, as she arrives first and leaves last at a party.

LORD IVOR CHURCHILL seems to get thinner and thinner. He and Mr. Charles Birkin are quite the most fragile-looking young men I have ever seen, in great contrast to another eligible bachelor, Lord Elveden, who is Lord Iveagh's only son. Lord Ivor is noted for always wearing a soft shirt in the evening, generally pale yellow in colour.

RINGS for débutantes have come into fashion. A few years ago they were considered most unsuitable. Miss Penelope Dudley Ward wears one on her right hand, and so does Lady Pamela Smith; so we may be quite sure the others will follow suit before many moons have passed.

LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY is as good on a horse as her husband, which is saying a great deal, and Patrick is following in his parents' footsteps. The Duke of Westminster was in London last week, looking well and sunburnt. What a good-looking man he is!

MISS MARGARET THESIGER is very lovely, very English-looking, with an entrancing complexion. We would like to hear more about her, and more about Miss Joan Buckmaster, who is so amusing. The gossip-press write up only three young things, it seems to me. Their initials are R., M., and B. No prize is awarded for guessing this competition.

WHO is our dark, tall, most beautiful ex-mannequin in love with? Is it a secret?

MY prize this week goes to Donna Degna Marconi for being charming, for enjoying every minute of her début, and being able to stay at one party without rushing away to a restaurant.

At Hawthorn Hill

Some more spectators at the Household Brigade Point-to-Point. In the upper photograph is seen Miss Jean Crichton, and in the lower shows Miss Ulrica Thynne

A Novel Novello Play

"I Lived With You," at the Prince of Wales's

Music Hath Charms

Glad (Ursula Jeans), a cockney typist, listening to the "tunka-tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk" provided by Felix (Ivor Novello), a Russian Princeling, who lodges with her parents in Fulham

"Our Lodger's Such a Nice Young Man"

Felix (Ivor Novello) indulging in airy badinage with Glad's sister, Ada (Thea Holme), who also finds an irresistible attraction in the young gentleman stopping with them

How the Trouble Started

Gold (Ursula Jeans), finds Felix (Ivor Novello), down and out and starving in the Maze at Hampton Court and takes him home to her parents

The Hostess of 1932

Mrs. Pullover's Parties

By the Hon. Patrick Balfour

Of course, Mrs. Pullover is nobody. "Gutter, my dear," says Lady Ginchester, "complete gutter. I happen to know. Father was a publican."

But why is it, if Mrs. Pullover be "nobody," that "everybody" goes to her parties? Even Lady Ginchester. . . .

Five years ago, "nobody" went to Mrs. Pullover's parties, and Mrs. Pullover went to "nobody's" parties. Poor Mrs. Pullover! She spent such a lot of money. She angled, but she never got a rise. She floundered in a kind of drab sub-world which innocent foreigners thought "tout de ce qu'il y a de plus chic." She would take up young men like Mr. Barnacle with "good social connections," and Mr. Barnacle would try desperately to organise successful parties for her. But Mr. Barnacle's "good connections" said, "No, Bunny darling. We'll do a lot for you. But the Pullover *is* going just a *bit* too far. I happen to know that her father . . ."

Five years ago, Mrs. Pullover was striving in the most agonised and abortive fashion for an invitation to the annual fancy dress ball at Ginchester House. To-day, the boot is on the other leg. Lady Ginchester is telephoning to Mr. Barnacle: "Bunny *darling*, you know Mrs. Pullover, don't you? Well, I hear she's giving a party to-night. Do you think you could *possibly* wangle me an invite? You see, I don't know the woman. The thing is this: I've got half a dozen drabs dining—just the Berkhamsteds and Angela de Montfort and old George Rugby and the Cheltenhams—and we can't go to the Embassy because Ginnie says he simply hasn't the *face* to sign another bill there. So I thought if you *could* fix it that I brought them all on to Mrs. Pullover's party . . you think you could? Sure she won't mind? My dear, you *are* a poppet. See you to-night, then."

Well, of course, Mrs. Pullover doesn't mind. The more the merrier is Mrs. Pullover's motto. Besides, think of the *Daily Impress* next morning:

"... Mrs. Isaac Pullover ... unqualified success ... band from a well-known Bond Street dance club ... oyster bar ... cocktail bar ... cabaret from a well-known restaurant in Bury Street .. caviarebar .. presents for each guest from a well-known Bond Street firm of jewellers ... sausage bar ... hostesses entertained dinner-parties, among them the Countess of Ginchester, whose guests included the Earl and Countess of Berkhamsted, the Hon. Mrs. Simon de Montfort, Lord and Lady Cheltenham, and the venerable and octogenarian Marquis of Rugby, a rare figure at such parties nowadays, who, however, danced merrily with his hostess into the wee sma' hours ... hock bar ... egg and kidney bar ..."

She is rich, Mrs. Pullover. That goes without saying. And in 1932, what peeress can afford to refuse a free meal? Any woman who can still provide good food and drink can lure the highest in the land, as it might be a flock of locusts, to her house without so much as lifting a telephone receiver. Helter-skelter comes the mountain to Mahomet.

But I will always staunchly maintain that Mrs. Pullover is no snob. She is sociable rather than social. She adores people. She only angles for the "best" people because she realises that in London the "best" people have the best parties. You see, everybody is trying so hard to be the "best" people that they are never really happy unless they think they are *with* the "best" people. That is why Mrs. Pullover's parties never used to be a success. Those who did go to them went with the guilty idea that they were slumming. They would approach James with a haunted look and implore him, "*Please*, don't put in the *Impress* that you saw me here."

But now everybody goes to Mrs. Pullover's parties with a clear conscience, and it's grand.

No. Mrs. Pullover's guests may be snobs, but she is not. "I just haven't time to be high-hat," says Mrs. Pullover. "I want to see everyone get together and have a good time." She has a genius for hospitality; she is generous and good-hearted; her vitality is prodigious, and she has an unquenchable enthusiasm for the good things of life.

It used to be bad form for a hostess to look as though she were enjoying her parties. Mrs. Pullover has changed all that. She enjoys hers unashamedly. "My dear, isn't this party just *grand*? Lord Herringbone says it's the best I've ever given."

How different is Mrs. Pullover, the hostess of the thirties, from her frigid counterpart of the twenties—old Lady Harbottle, for instance! You remember the distant, gracious air with which Lady H. greeted her guests, so that you felt that it was really awfully decent of her to have people in her house at all? Mrs. P., on the other hand, likes to have her house crammed all the time. When you arrive, she will probably fling her arms impulsively round your neck, so that you feel that the party was given for you and you alone, and that is something of a rarity nowadays!

And what of *Mr.* Pullover?

"My dear, there never *was* one," says Lady Ginchester. "As a matter of fact, I happen to know . . ."

There was, though, and is. But Mr. Pullover is far too busy in his Midland woollen factory to concern himself with his wife's social affairs.

London may be all right for Mrs. Pullover. The society, the climate, the amusements are all very much to her taste. But give him the Midlands every time and all the time, and he is perfectly happy without Mayfair.

"The money's mine," says Mr. Pullover, "but it's Aggie's to spend. She can entertain all the dooks in England for all I care, as long as *I* don't have to be there too. She's a good girl, is my Aggie."

She is.

Home-work!

SPRING • FASHION • PARADE

Being a Special Edition of the

PORTFOLIO of FASHION

compiled weekly
for "The Bystander" by

MADGE GARLAND

ON the extreme left is a crêpe-de-Chine dress patterned in green, which has intriguing sleeves of natural colour wool. A Molyneux model from Harvey Nichols. The black straw hat tilted over a bandeau of green flowers also comes from Harvey Nichols

THE wool suit with its smart shoulder-capes is in the new off-white colour and has a scarf and hat to match. The latter has a brim of green and white spotted silk and the ends of the scarf are made of the same material. From Jaeger

FORMAL and INFORMAL ENSEMBLES

CURRANT red chiffon and velvet compose this ideal ensemble for formal afternoon and summer race wear. The dress is made very simply with a full flared skirt and a short-sleeved blouse and the accompanying coat of matching velvet is cut on classic and becoming lines. This is a Vionnet model from Woollands

ON the left of the opposite page is shown a more practical type of costume designed for every-day town wear. The skirt of the dress and the short cape are made of a thin black woollen material, while the bodice and the full sleeves are of patterned crêpe-de-Chine. The cape is fastened to the dress with four buttons. From Vanité

A HIGH-POINTED waistline and a demure round neckline give character to the woollen two-piece costume shown on the right. The bodice is made of an openwork woollen material, and the skirt and coat are of jersey. From Peter Robinson

ON the extreme right is shown an ensemble designed by Peggy Morris. This consists of a one-piece woollen dress, trimmed with an openwork knitted yoke and a smart coat with a scarf collar which buttons on to the dress. From H. J. Nicoll

SMART CLOTHES for RIDING and the RACES

EVERY horsewoman knows that a well-cut habit is essential if one is to have a peaceful mind while indulging in bodily exercise. The very smart young woman on the left is wearing a habit from Busvine, whose very name is synonymous with excellence in the field of tailoring. Note the smart checked shirt

BOTH the hat worn by the horsewoman and that of the lady who is ready to go racing are from Scott's. The riding hat is of the finest and most uncrushable felt and can be guaranteed to keep its shape almost indefinitely. The hat which accompanies the tailored suit is of soft stitched felt in a particularly becoming and useful shape

A PLAIN cloth coat and a patterned skirt is always smart for country and race wear, and this costume from Smee is composed of a plain green tweed coat, and a skirt of green, black and white check tweed. The coat fastens with one button and has wide revers placed rather high in order to give the broad-shouldered effect which is essential this season

Shaw Wildman

CHECKS ARE IN FOR COUNTRY WEAR

THIS summer, when our silks are not spotted our woollens are apt to be either striped or checked, and plain materials are often woven in diagonal lines. Generally speaking, the more formal the garment the smaller the pattern, though exceptions to this rule are the striped silks and organdies used by Lanvin for afternoon and evening gowns. For real country wear, or for motoring and local race meetings, nothing is smarter than a coat of fancy plaid woollen material, particularly when it has a storm collar and is double-breasted. The model shown above is in black and white plaid with thin lines of bright scarlet, and is made in a specially waterproofed woollen material. This is a model from Burberry

PATTERNED CHIFFON AND

Some Well-known Figures of Diverse Materials

(Above) Miss Benita Hume, who, in spite of her success in Hollywood and many tempting offers to return, is praiseworthily constant to England, is one of the smartest of our cinema stars. Here she is seen wearing a Patou gown from Seaman, which is made of crêpe-de-Chine patterned in the most vivid greens and reds on a white ground. A band of green velvet starts from beneath each arm and forms a waist-belt at the back only, to which are attached the narrow shoulder straps. On the right Miss Constance Carpenter, who is now playing lead to Ralph Lynn in "Dirty Work," wears a Worth gown of mist-grey chiffon, embroidered with beads of the same colour

Silks Rival Silk Piqué

Wear Evening Gowns and Original Cut

Photographs by Maurice Beck

(Above) Miss Peggy Morris has in one season become one of our foremost dress designers, a rôle which her originality and good taste make her eminently suitable to fill. One of her most successful models is the evening gown of white piqué in which she is seen in the photograph above. It is made of white silk piqué and has a high neckline in front which is held in place with a chain of gold links. The back is slit into three sections, and the belt is fastened with a large gold knob. The skirt is only slightly flared, and has an inverted pleat down the centre back. On the left Miss Janet Megrew, who has recently completed her first film for United Artists, sits playing backgammon with Miss Carpenter. Miss Megrew wears one of the new scarves with one fur cuff which allows the other end to be draped at will

HATS TILT SHARPLY ON ONE SIDE, STRAW IS MORE POPULAR THAN EVER AND FLOWERS ARE EVERYWHERE

MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL, who before her marriage to the youngest of the famous trio of poets was Miss Georgia Doble, is always admired for her chic and good taste. Her dark hair is smartly brushed forward in a manner which accords well with the sideways tilt of her straw flower-trimmed hat. Both the coiffure and the hat are creations of Vasco, Ltd.

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding

Here follows—
A Selection of EVENING ENSEMBLES

THIS lovely gown of coral-coloured chiffon is a Dormoy model and its distinctive cut is accentuated by rows of faggoting in gold thread. The bodice is softly draped and the décolletage is lower at the back than in front. From the Maison Ross

SLIM FLOWING LINES can alternate

ON the extreme left is a gown by Mainbocher which is typical of the newest developments in the evening mode. Its apparent simplicity is achieved by ingenious and elaborate cutting, much facilitated by the extra wide width of the heavy silk. From Albert & Johnson

with FRILLS or FLOWERED CHIFFONS

ON the opposite page is an evening ensemble by Lanvin. Both the gown and short coat are of deep blue satin and the sleeves are embroidered in glittering paillettes. From Debenham & Freebody

THE seated figure is wearing a dance gown composed of innumerable tulle frills, even the bodice and the shoulder straps are made of the tiniest possible frills. From Corot

THE flowered chiffon dress of the standing figure is accompanied by an attractive little coat whose brevity is compensated for by the width of its enormous puffed sleeves. From Gooch's

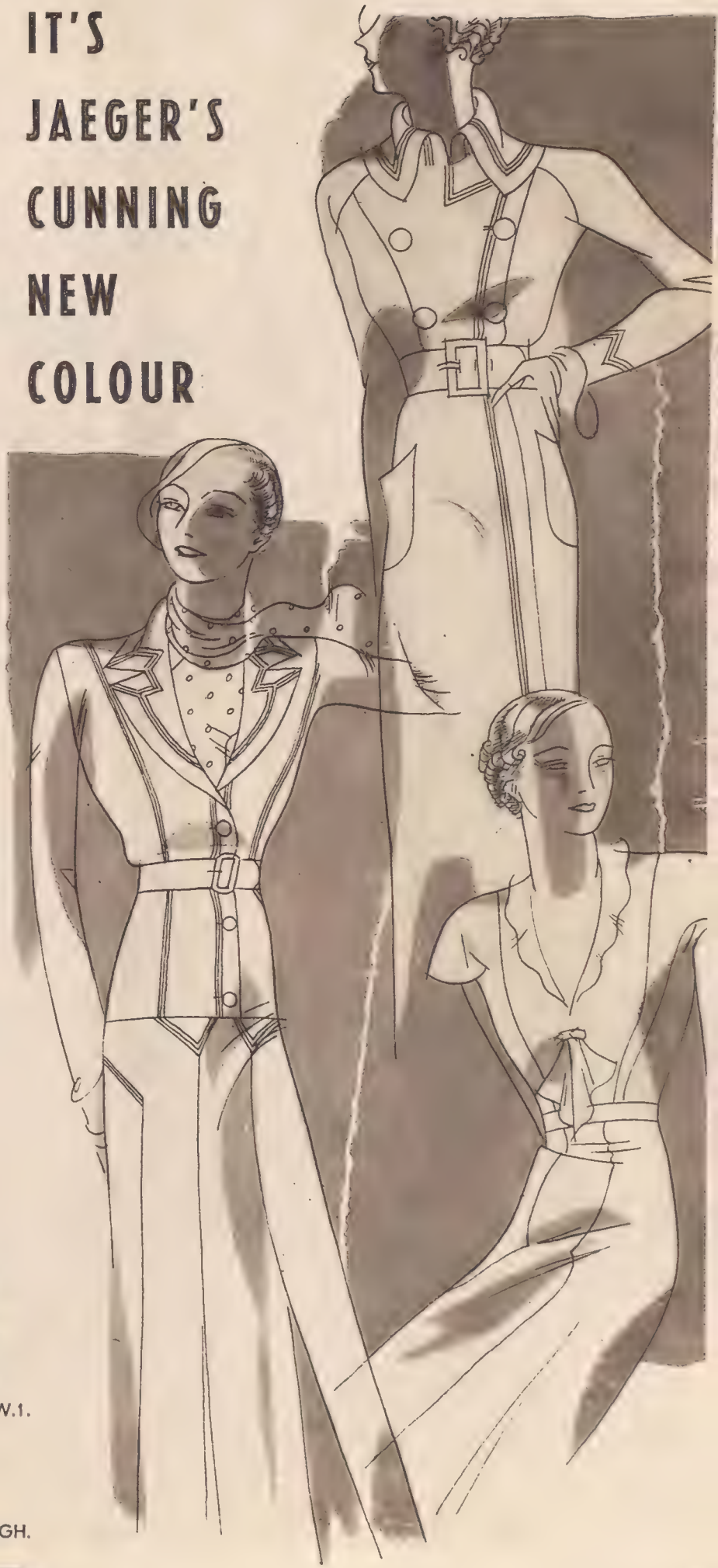
CHIFFON and SILVER or SATIN and LAMÉ?

ON the left is a black chiffon gown which has a particularly pretty draped bodice and the miniature sleeves of silver embroidery are just sufficient to give fashionable width to the shoulders. From Marshall & Snelgrove

THE pale blue satin gown with its rippling skirt has a cross-over drapery on its bodice which gives a becomingly high waistline. The short coat of gold lamé fastens in front and is trimmed with narrow bands of sable. From Isobel

it isn't white . . . . it isn't beige . . . . **it isn't grey . . . .**

IT'S JAEGER'S CUNNING NEW COLOUR



❁ Blondes are perilously lovely in it. Brunettes glow like nectarines against its coolness. The grey-haired take on the incredible elegance of a Fragonard Marquise. It's adorable by itself and entrancing with other colours. It makes the most alluring alliances with scarlet or brown or blue or black. Memorable as an epigram, elusive as a scent . . . . Jaeger's arrantly successful new "Dirty White."

❁ Here's one of Jaeger's dashing coats that would be challengingly smart in any hue, but that's invincibly chic in a rough "Dirty White" woollen with shiny silver buttons. 8½ gns.

❁ A brilliantly wearable suit in the same ravishing colour and material. The skirt's miraculously gored and pleated and the strict coat unbends its agreeably careless revers. 8½ gns.

❁ The frock, intricately seamed in an ethereal "Dirty White" woollen, contrives to be both demure and devastating. Observe the ingenious shoulder treatment by which epaulettes evolve into sleeves. 7½ gns.

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THERE ARE JAEGER AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

HOWARD MARSHALL on RUGGER

A British Isles Team

"You can keep your Macphersons and your Van der Westhuizens," said the big man, with a sweep of the hand to indicate generosity, "but give me Hunt every time." His companion did not agree. Hunt, he maintained stoutly, was perhaps a fine filibuster, but Macpherson was the boy for him, a player of genius indeed, and don't you forget it.

This was the climax of a pretty argument which had lasted from Twickenham to Waterloo, for these two enthusiasts were selecting a composite team representing the best players of the year. They had picked the eight Springbok forwards who smashed the English pack; Craven and Osler, the Springbok half-backs; Aarvold of England, and Zimmerman of South Africa on the wings, and G. Brand, the Springbok full-back.

So far, so good; but the centres puzzled them. Personally, I should without hesitation have selected Hunt and Burland, a grand pair of thrusting mid-field players. What is more, I should somehow have found room for G. R. Beamish in the pack, and I 'm not at all certain that T. W. Brown would not have displaced Brand at full-back.

To take this game of team selection a step further, which fifteen players would you choose to represent Great Britain against the Springboks? Brown at full-back, obviously, for Bassett fell from grace against Ireland. Hunt and Burland in the centre, I think; and R. W. Boon and J. C. Morley, of Wales, on the wings. Then half-backs are a problem. Some people might plump for W. R. Logan and B. R. Tod, who played well for the Barbarians at Easter. Others might remember the partnership of B. C. Gadney and C. Slow against South Africa; while others again would stick to W. C. Powell and A. R. Ralph. I should be inclined myself to hope that W. H. Sobey would be fit when the game came to be played, and with him A. R. Ralph would go into my team at stand-off half. Failing Sobey, Gadney would do, for he is a safe scrum-half, while Powell is temperamental, and Logan is on the slow side. Murray of Ireland would then be first reserve.

As for the forwards, we might do worse than take the Irish pack *en bloc*, or even the East Midlands pack, or those eight Scotsmen who hammered the South Africans so violently at Melrose. To be more precise, let me suggest J. W. Allan (Scotland), H. S. Mackintosh (Scotland), and N. L. Evans (England) in the front row; R. G. S. Hobbs and C. Webb, the English second row; and W. McC. Ross (Ireland), G. R. Beamish (Ireland), and J. Graham (Scotland), in the back row. A tough pack, this, which would certainly give a good account of itself, though it omits some of the strong Welsh forwards.

Would a team of this kind defeat the Springboks, given a few chances to practise together? I'm inclined to believe it would, formidable though the Springboks were.

BUT I have a letter from a close follower of Rugby football who says, among other pertinent things: "What 's the use of talking about individual players, when the game has reached a position of stalemate?" Well, I see what he means, for we have all argued till we 're tired about the back-row forward and his machinations.

I know that apparently modern defence has made orthodox attack useless, and that there seems to be nothing but an increase of tactical kicking ahead of us. This is my correspondent's point of view, at any rate, but I find it hard to agree with him.

Scrummaging will return to favour; back-row forwards will keep their heads down; the ball will be efficiently heeled, and then the fun will begin. Great individual players will emerge; scrum-halves like the late Dicky Owen, who will exploit a dozen ingenious tricks to bewilder the defence, and stand-off halves of the W. J. A. Davies brand.

DICKY OWEN was a genius, but although we cannot hope to find another like him in a hurry, at least we need not forget the lessons he taught us. He was a master of subterfuge and the unexpected, and he realised that most tries are scored by sudden changes of direction in attack. His opponents never knew which way he would strike at them; he might run to the open side, for example, until he had drawn the defence across, when a reverse pass would send his three-quarters racing through barn-door gaps.

NOWADAYS the scrum-half is subdued, and considers himself fortunate if he gets his pass away cleanly. This will improve as scrummaging improves, and we shall see the half-backs operating as a pair in attacking movements. At present there is too little half-back combination, though when the Army beat the Royal Air Force recently, F. W. Simpson and J. R. Cole reminded us how valuable it can be.

I think, also, that we have by no means exhausted the tactical schemes which could be attempted by the mid-field players. There are various methods of swinging the angle of attack, such as the reverse pass and the scissors movement, which are rarely practised in modern Rugby football, but they will appear again when outsides have just that essential extra fraction of time and room in which to manœuvre.

THE game, in short, is as interesting as ever it was, and I firmly believe that we are just at the beginning of a new era of development and progress.

Incidentally, I wrote in these columns a week or two back that watching a match from the upper tiers of one of the high and mighty Twickenham stands must be like looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope. Commander Coopper, the Rugby Union secretary, tells me, in kindly remonstrance, that many people specially ask to have their seats as high as possible, since they prefer the panoramic view. I can understand that, and I can even understand those who prefer to watch from the North Stand, where they look straight up and down the ground, and see just how the attack slips through the defence. For my own part, though, I still like to hear the thud of boots and the grunts of tackled players, and I would sacrifice any amount of scientific detachment for one close-up view of a sweating, straining scrummage.

Getting their Man

An Army player being well and truly tackled by two opponents in the recent match at Twickenham between the Army and the Royal Air Force. The attendance at this, one of the best matches of the year, was, unfortunately, very poor

An Army player gets rid of the ball on being tackled low during the Inter-Services match at Twickenham. The Army beat the Royal Air Force by 21 points to 4

Pictorial Points from the Point-to-Points

The "Card" Game

Lady Helen Primrose (left) discusses possible winners with Mr. and Mrs. Drabble at the Whaddon 'Chase Point-to-Point

In the Paddock

Lady Anne Bridgeman, the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, at the Whaddon 'Chase Point-to-Point

At Windmill Hill

The Countess of Rosebery in the saddle at the recent Point-to-Point meeting of the Whaddon 'Chase which was held at Windmill Hill, Thornborough

Before the Race

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton chatting with Mrs. Beatty who competed in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts' Race at the Whaddon 'Chase Point-to-Point

Racing in Lincolnshire

Lady Isobel Manners, Lady Ursula Manners, and their young brother, the Marquess of Granby, arriving at Boothby Graffoe for the Blankney Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting. They are the children of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland

MR. ZIEGFELD'S YOUNG LADIES: HOL

ANNA PATTERSON

BARBARA S

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LDING NATURE UP TO THE MIRROR

SMITH

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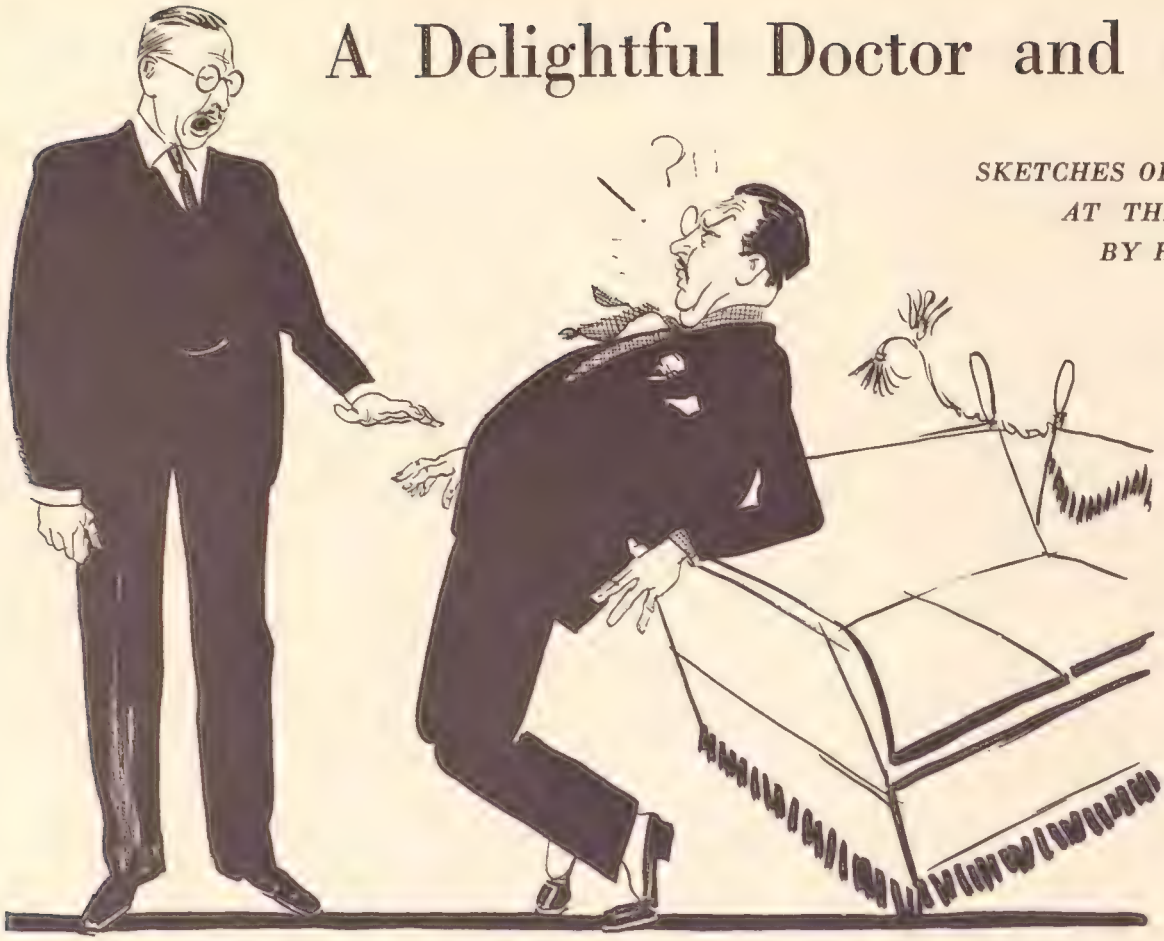
BLANCHE SATCHELL

A Delightful Doctor and a Fearsome

SKETCHES OF "DR. PYGMALION," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, BY H. H. HARRIS



George P. Littlefield (James Carew) an American business man, who, though smitten with the charms of the daughter of James Haydon (Edmond Breon), finds, on making her acquaintance, that Mrs. Haydon is infinitely the more attractive. Mr. Littlefield's accent is as strong as his voice, and conversation with him is something of an ordeal

UNTIL the time when Mrs. Haydon determines to stick to her unfaithful and stodgy husband, cleverly played in his Breonesque manner by Edmond Breon, Gladys Cooper was genuinely amusing, and acted with the surest and lightest of touches; while Ronald Squire as the doctor, once again a squire of dames, was equally skilful in imparting the necessary comedy spirit. Apart from these three the cast are not too well treated, but there were

(Below) Mrs. Haydon was a lady who thought herself ill when really in robust health. By his treatment Dr. Rex Garnett (Ronald Squire) (right), cures her of hypochondria, but imparts the disease to her husband (Edmond Breon), "and so to bed" in the wife's chair

"Doctor Pygmalion" at the Playhouse

THE hypochondriac is always fair game for satire, and so, according to George Bernard Shaw and Harrison Owen, the author of *Doctor Pygmalion*, produced at the Playhouse, is the medico. This new comedy starts with Mrs. Haydon in bed of a sickness which is entirely imaginary. She has been put there by a Dr. Carstairs who is then certain of his patient keeping at home and being able to enter up fees for visits. This delights the soul of Mrs. Haydon's husband, a wealthy man who does not mind paying the bill because it leaves him safely free to conduct a little affair of his own with a singularly unattractive widow, Mrs. Berkeley Potts.

WITH an easy grace, which will scandalise the whole medical profession, Mrs. Haydon changes her doctor in the middle of her supposed illness and accepts with gratitude the ministrations of a man guilty of saving the lives of other doctors' patients! His prescription is not to be found in the British pharmacopœia, consisting, as it does, of caviare sandwiches, champagne, and making love to the malade imaginaire—a diet which works wonders.

LATER on, and after a return from a visit to America, just like the dog it was that died Mr. Haydon becomes the hypochondriac, and is packed off to bed in the invalid-chair provided for the wife.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Haydon has collected admirers, including a French aristocrat and a homely middle-aged American admirer who finds the charms of the mother more alluring than those of the daughter to whom he was attached. Up to this point this brightly written play is most amusing, but the third act, taking place in the doctor's sanatorium in Sussex, let things down rather badly owing to change of tone, for here Mr. Harrison Owen becomes not only discursive, but serious all of a sudden, with somewhat disastrous results to the play.

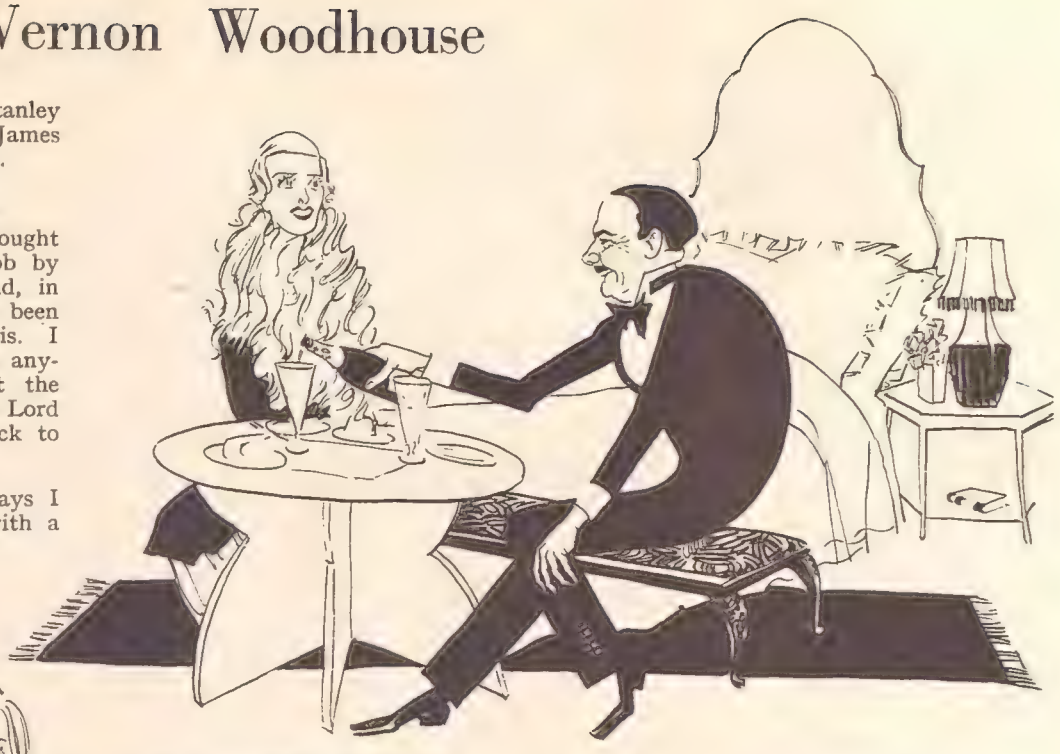
Farmer By Vernon Woodhouse

neat little character-sketches by Stanley Drewitt as the gloomy doctor, and James Carew as the middle-aged American.

" Precious Bane " at the St. Martin's

It was Mr. Baldwin who brought posthumous fame to Mary Webb by calling attention to her novels, and, in particular, *Precious Bane*, which has been made into a play by Edward Lewis. I have not read the novel, but if it is anything like the new production at the St. Martin's, I wish to goodness the Lord President of the Council would stick to politics !

This is one of the gloomiest plays I have ever seen. It starts off with a funeral in 1810 and a son " eating his father's sins," not because he cared a cuss for the dead man, but for the purpose of getting the farm from his mother. Gideon Sarn was a man who wanted to make money, and did not mind working for it, but he expected others to do the same.



Above : Mrs. Haydon (Gladys Cooper) sampling the prescription of Dr. Rex Garnett (Ronald Squire) which consists of champagne and caviare sandwiches. The treatment of love-making, also in the prescription, has barely yet begun

Mrs. Haydon (Gladys Cooper) (right), evidently wearing pearls to cast before her swine of a husband. On her right is Mrs. Berkeley Potts (Jane Wood), who has captured the affections of Mr. James Haydon, and who, in all probability, paid for the dress that she is wearing

Seven years later we see him at work and making his very old mother still do likewise. His sister, with a hare-lip and supposed to be bewitched, is also compelled to " step to it," especially as she swore an oath to help her brother. At the end of the act he goes off to seduce his sweetheart, and has no compunction in telling his sister what he intends to do ! A nice young farmer for a small tea-party, truly !

This young woman's offensive old father, Beguildy, who is almost too bad to live, does not get on with the farmer, and after a quarrel he curses him. Later on when there has been a prosperous harvest, and Gideon Sarn is on the verge of becoming a rich man, he loses his fortune because Beguildy, in order to make the curse operative, sets fire to the ricks. In consequence, Gideon, from being unreasonable, loses his reason, and in the last act we learn that (1) Beguildy is going to be hanged ; (2) Gideon's sweetheart, who has had an illegitimate child by him, commits infanticide and suicide ; (3) Gideon himself murders his mother and commits suicide, and his sister with a hare-lip is left to make a happy ending with a young weaver who loves her despite the fissure and its supposed consequences.

And all the characters in this play talk—how they talk !—with a Shropshire accent which appears to be peculiarly variegated. This talk is occasionally outspoken and, on occasions, displays a rustic knowledge of Nature, expressed in a manner which is somewhat surprisingly poetic, coming, as it does, from the rather rude forefathers of the hamlet. But as I did not know Shropshire in 1810-18, I am not at liberty to say that this is incorrect.

Apart from the accents this unpleasant play is given every chance by the cast. Robert Donat, for instance, as Gideon Sarn, was the embodiment of selfish power, and I mean it as a compliment when I say that I disliked him intensely. Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, who artistically concealed her beauty by looking like an anæmic hen, fluttered about the stage and gave a clever performance. Malcolm Keen acted like the devil—which was the right way—as the vindictive Beguildy, while smaller parts were well played by Sebastian Shaw, Hilda Campbell-Russell, Margaret Nicholls, and Joan Harker.

V. W.

My Weekly Thought

The Wisdom of Age

By NORMAN THWAITES

Taking a Toss

Miss Dunne, on Mrs. A. C. Raphael's "Lady Mack," falling heavily at the first fence during the running of the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race at Whaddon Chase Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Windmill Hill, near Thornborough

A Racing Occasion

Lady Amy Biddulph and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys at the Hampshire Hunt Point-to-Point held at Norton Farm, Farringdon

IT is the fashion to-day, as doubtless throughout the ages, to decry old men in high places and to clamour for youth at the helm. The tendency of what we are pleased to call civilisation is, however, all the other way.

The fall in the death rates among Western races is having the effect of altering the proportion of young and old. It has been calculated that in another forty years the percentage of people under forty will have fallen from 67 to 37 per cent., and that of people over forty will have risen from 32 to 62 per cent. Furthermore, the increase of the over-sixty class will, it is estimated, show a rise of from 10 to 30 per cent. The cry of "Give the young men a chance!" will be even more vain than it is to-day in a world where old men will predominate.

Is this a consummation to be deplored? I think not. A generation ago Dr. Osler was insisting that men over forty were useless to the community and should be consigned to the lethal chamber; but the world went on and men over forty continued to dominate affairs in Cabinets and Commerce, in peaceful pursuits and in the practice of war.

I BELIEVE it can be shown that most of the worst political errors have been committed by young men. The world's unnecessary revolts against authority have been engineered by youth.

The rebellious follies of Ireland, like the excesses of the blood-stained Revolutions of France and of Russia, were due to the inexperience of younger men.

I submit that the world's useful work has been done by men over middle age. I exclude, of course, achievement in the emotional arts of music and poetry.

Hamlet was not Shakespeare's first play, but his nineteenth. Goethe finished his greatest work, *Faust*, at the age of eighty-two. Francis Bacon became Lord Chancellor at fifty-seven, and wrote *Novum Organum* when sixty years old. Miguel de Cervantes was fifty before he wrote *Don Quixote*, and Daniel Defoe completed *Robinson Crusoe* when he was fifty-eight.

TO come to more recent times, Anatole France was fifty-two before he was elected to the Academy, and Henry James was writing his best at seventy. At that age Dr. Johnson wrote his *Lives of the English Poets*.

Charles Dickens was nearly sixty when he wrote what many consider his best book, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

When it comes to men of action, the record is even more surprising. Sir Henry Havelock was sixty-two when he defeated Nana Sahib, and of the same age was Joffre when the World War began. Garibaldi was sixty-three before he saw Rome once more the capital of Italy.

The founders of Germany were old men. William I. of Prussia, first German Emperor, was seventy-four when he undertook the Franco-Prussian War; and his right-hand man, Helmuth von Moltke, was only four years his junior. Otto von Bismarck was fifty-six when he achieved his life's aim, the Confederation of German States.

In the European War, Hindenburg was sixty-seven, and von Mackensen sixty-five. Marshal Foch was sixty-three when he became Generalissimo of the Allied Forces, and Pétain sixty-one when he became Commander-in-Chief. Admiral Lord Jellicoe and Field Marshal Lord Allenby were fifty-five when they achieved fame.

COMING to statesmen, we have W. E. Gladstone, who became Prime Minister at fifty-nine, and was still thought the best man for the post when he was eighty-five. Like Clemenceau in France, Disraeli in England was sixty-five when he first became Premier, and at sixty-nine again held that high position.

At the age of sixty-one Wellington became England's Prime Minister. At Waterloo he was of the same age as Napoleon (Nelson being one year older), but Blücher was seventy-three.

President Masaryk, the permanent President of Czecho-Slovakia, had reached the age of sixty-eight when he accepted that position, and at eighty-two he continues to be the most safely seated ruler in Europe.

NOW, the moral of my story is plainly to be seen. It is that opportunity knocks more than once at every man's door, and that a man may render good service to his country at any age and achieve honour and success if he but adopt the motto of *Nil Desperandum!*

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By R. Wenban

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If Gossip We Must . . .

Royal Victims of Publicity: At the Trocadero: Boys and Boxing: The Week's "Lucky Dip": Air Ports and Hustle

"Come right in, Lady Budger. I think you know everybody here"

ONE of the most cogent proofs of the essential soundness and popularity of the British monarchy is that it should survive, not attacks upon it (which are few and unimportant) but the fulsome appreciation of well-meaning loyalists whose enthusiasm outruns their discretion. We live in a sophisticated age; there is a tendency to turn most things into ridicule, and a sneer comes easily. Anything more calculated to make the Duke and Duchess of York look foolish than a book entitled, *Dear Duke and Duchess*, published a few days ago, I cannot imagine. Their Royal Highnesses are much liked and respected, and deservedly so. But, ye gods! the opportunity this puerile chattering will give to such "smart Alecs" as get hold of it to make fun of the blameless domesticity of the Royal couple!

WE are told that, when there are no engagements, the Duke and Duchess "dine quietly," after having visited the nursery; that sometimes they go to a cinema, but that "the Duke may refuse to stir until he has finished his cross-word puzzle." After the servants have gone to bed "the Duke will, perhaps, say" (I like that "perhaps") "Let me make the cocoa. I know all about that job"—just as another Royal personage, namely, Louis XV., used to make cocoa, though in much less creditable circumstances.

In Sunny Portugal

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe seen in the sunshine outside the Estoril-Palacio Hotel, where the former has been successfully recuperating after his illness

OF Princess Elizabeth there is, of course, much said. The Princess, it is alleged, will always, when in the Park, stay by the perambulator of her younger sister "in case baby is lonely," while baby herself "must display that new tooth of which she is so proud."

Now I am willing to bet anything from a billiard ball to a battle-ship that the infant Princess Margaret Rose, although unquestionably a nice infant, takes no more interest in a new tooth, except in so far as it may make her restless and yell a bit at times, than does any other infant, and that human beings of that extremely tender age know nothing whatever of any such emotion as pride.

NOT so very long ago I read in a daily newspaper of vast circulation, not deliberately published for the benefit of half-wits, the following report of a royal conversation:

"It looks like rain," said the Queen.
"Yes," said the King, and laughed heartily.

Now His Majesty has a pretty keen sense of humour, and if he did laugh at that moment (I am assuming that the whole episode was not sheer fake—rather a large assumption), I will warrant it was not at the Queen's remark about the weather. Our Royal Family, by their devotion to duty and their instinct always for doing the right thing, can, as I have said, afford to be indifferent to such absurdities. None the less, in these days of forming leagues about anything and everything, I humbly and loyally suggest that it would not be a bad idea to set up a League for the

By A. R. Cane

"Would you like to see something in pyjamas, sir?"

Prevention of Well-meaning Idiots making the Royal Family look Ridiculous.

CONTINUING the policy of giving something for nothing, the Trocadero management has commissioned C. B. Cochran yet again to provide "a song and dance show" in the Grill Room, and *Magic Nights* is the result. Guided by experience, there is precious little song about this entertainment, for in such a large place, where quiet can never be expected, dances are infinitely more effective, and they feature largely in consequence. It is once again Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies who are the backbone of the show, and, thanks to the dress designs by Ada Peacock, there is not the least difficulty in seeing those backbones. I can also place on record the fact that none of the Young Ladies has been operated on for appendicitis

THE only two turns in which the Young Ladies do not appear are when one of the Lime Trio appears as a gollywog which is treated most disrespectfully by his companions, and when a gentleman called Fraksen does tricks with cigarettes and smokes them at such a rate that it must cause untold joy to Messrs. Players and Wills.

In an entertainment which admirably fills the bill there is an "1805 Impression" featuring Madame Récamier, a lady who, remembering the famous picture, I have always associated with the embodiment of rest. But now having seen her, as played by Pearl Argyle, leave the sofa with which she has so long been connected, I shall henceforth recall her as the essence of energy.

BY a slip of the pen in a recent issue I unwittingly gave the wrong name to a society which does incalculable good. I mentioned the work of the London Federation of Boxing Clubs, which should have been the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. I am happy to make this correction, for to certain worthy folk who support the Federation, the manly pursuit of boxing is to this day regarded with something like disapproval, and it is as well to make clear that boxing is not the only form of sport

Polo Days

Robert Montgomery, the juvenile lead par excellence of the American talkies, and Heather Thatcher watching polo at Santa Monica, California. The monocle which Miss Thatcher always sports nowadays has tickled Hollywood's fancy enormously

Walter Bird

Mary Charles

The young American cabaret artist who has been proving a very real success at the Café Anglais. Like many others who have won fame in the entertainment world, she graduated via the famous Ziegfeld Follies

Britannia Triumphans

Mr. Edward H. Symonds, a chairman of the famous firm of Reville Ltd., and President of the British Fashions and Fabrics Bureau, says that Englishwomen are the best dressers in the world.

THOUGH pessimists may moan in dread,
"Old England's in a mess!"
Our glory's not entirely fled—
We lead the World in dress.

And though by Income-Tax we're bled
And cash is growing less,
We still hold high our battered head—
We lead the World in dress.

When bills make husbands see bright red
And cry in wrath "Bad cess!"
Let them recall ere Love is dead,
We lead the World in dress!

Our women walk with noble tread;
From shoes to well-waved tress:
They prove the truth of what's been said—
We lead the World in dress.

Yes, be they married or unwed,
The nations must confess
Our womenfolk are never led—
We lead the World in dress!

B. W.

Mr. C. B. Cochran making sure that the costumes were "all present and correct" before a full-dress rehearsal at the Adelphi Theatre of his new supper-time show, "Magic Nights," produced at the Trocadero last week

in which the boys indulge. As an instance of other activities which instill into the youngsters the true ideals of sportsmanship, I may mention that, in addition to a Dramatic competition in May, there will be an Athletic Sports Meeting at Herne Hill in the summer, and a swimming gala in September, just to fill in the time before the yearly football programme opens again. The boys who profit from the activities of those who give time and money on their behalf come from the poorest homes in London, and though I feel shy of mentioning Boxing again, I may add that such was the success of the Albert Hall Championships this year that it has been decided to hold another on March 7, 1933, in the same building.

"NEVER has man's inspiration and workmanship been seen to such advantage."

Did this refer to the plays of Shakespeare, the symphonies of Beethoven, the operas of Wagner, Westminster Abbey, the sculpture of Praxiteles, the paintings of Velasquez, the Parthenon, the Forth Bridge, the Panama Canal, the Pyramids, the telephone, wireless, the discovery of electricity, anæsthetics, or the wonders of human flight?

It did not. It is a gem from the official account of a recent Exhibition which attracted considerable notice at Olympia.

IN the Lucky Dip of the week the following has emerged :—

> For Sale. Lease of luxurious flat. Correct Louis XVI. style. *Including telephone.*

That unfortunate monarch had! alas, no telephone. But all the same he was cut off.

MOST heartily do I endorse Lord Castlerosse's eulogy of the speed with which the Air Union get their passengers through the preliminary stages of the flight to and from Paris. There is no delay whatever at any stage, as I have reason to know after much experience—no hanging about waiting for tickets to be inspected, the bus to start, passports to be seen to, and the rest of it. If anything, there is too much of a rush at Croydon and Le Bourget; but that is a fault on the right side, if a fault at all.

Until we reach the only really sensible way of travelling between London and Paris by air—*i.e.*, a hydroplane from Thames to Seine or the helicopter system—the more the delay is pared down at the air-ports the better. This is a lesson which the French company can certainly teach our own folk.

A scene from "Musical Chairs" at the Criterion showing Irene (Carol Goodner) returning the ring to her fiancé, Geoffrey (Jack Livesey), who, through jealousy, has knocked down his step-brother, Joseph (John Gielgud)

A Circus Queen

Leila Hyams as "Venus, the Seal Trainer," in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkie of circus side-show life entitled "Freaks." It was directed by Tod Browning

A Penalty of Infidelity

Mr. Schindler (Frank Vosper) another of the characters in "Musical Chairs," the brilliantly clever play by Ronald Mackenzie, forced by a nagging wife to sleep on the sitting-room sofa, feels "morningish" on awaking

(1) Miss Desirée Welby, the younger daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Welby. Her wedding to Capt. Gerald Guinness has been arranged to take place at St. James's, Piccadilly, on Saturday, April 23

(2) Miss Cicely Margaret de Vintre, who is engaged to Lieut. R. L. S. Gaisford, R.N., the only son of the late Brig.-Gen. R. B. Gaisford and of Mrs. Gaisford. She is the youngest daughter of Col. and Mrs. Denis de Vintre

(3) Miss Muriel Turnbull, whose wedding to Mr. Leslie Russell, Royal Artillery, will take place in June. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Edgar Turnbull and of Mrs. Turnbull

NGAGED

(4) Miss Hester Phillimore, who is engaged to Colonel Sir Frederick Pile, Bt., D.S.O., M.C. Her fiancé is the Assistant Director of Mechanisation at the War Office

(5) Miss Susan Auriol Charrington, the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Charrington. She is engaged to Mr. Peter Dearman Burchall

(6) Miss Zelie Agnes Elizabeth Conde McAlpine, engaged to Dr. Wilfred Chapman. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McAlpine

(7) Miss Gwenyth Channer, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel G. Kendall Channer, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Channer, is engaged to Mr. Ronald Makant Nuttall

(8) Miss Diana Perceval, whose wedding to Mr. C. A. Cooke, late of the 4-7th Dragoon Guards, will take place in July. She is the only daughter of Major-General Sir Edward Perceval, K.C.B.

(9) Miss Violet Aylett-Moore, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aylett-Moore. Her wedding to Mr. Geoffrey William Rowell will take place to-morrow, April 14

(10) Miss Gwendolen Mary Bragg, who is engaged to Mr. Alban Douglas Rendle Caroe. She is the daughter of Sir William Bragg, O.M., and of Lady Bragg

Treading the Light and Very Fantastic

On the right and below are seen two studies of Jacques Cartier, the dancer, who is appearing in "Bow Bells" at the London Hippodrome. His remarkable make-up in both cases serves to strengthen the eerie effect of his clever dancing in this revue, which is proving very much to the taste of the theatre-going public

JACQUES CARTIER IN "BOW BELLS"

WANTED ON

By

Dudley Sturrock

THERE was dancing on the wide promenade deck of the mail steamer "Colombo," under the strings of coloured lights; the night was hot, a following wind chased her softly down the Red Sea and just failed to catch her, but there is always dancing. The "Colombo" was outward-bound to the Far East.

The chief officer looked round the deck. He couldn't see Elizabeth Vandall. He climbed the companion-way to the boat-deck. The tennis courts shone white and empty under the moon; but at the sides, where the boats on their patent davits walled it in, the deck was dark and almost deserted. Some men were working on a boat on the starboard side, their lamps flitting about like fire-flies. The chief officer walked up to them and gave a few quick orders. He left them, and crossed to the port side, and his keen eyes found what he was looking for.

Elizabeth Vandall was leaning over the rail in a narrow space between two boats. He went up to her, and she turned to him quickly.

"Am I disturbing you, Miss Vandall?"

"Of course not."

"I've been looking for you."

"That's nice of you."

She was very beautiful there under the moon, tall and straight and expensively frocked. Elizabeth Vandall was very, very exacting. She looked at him contentedly. His white duck mess-jacket fitted him well, and it carried a row of miniature medals.

"What are you doing?" he asked curiously, "if it's not an impertinent question."

"Looking at Arabia."

"But you can't see it!"

"Hardly. But I can feel it. I always can when I come this way."

"You're a great traveller, Miss Vandall?"

"It's the only thing I care about."

He moved slightly. "You like being alone, don't you?"

"Yes. I don't like people as a rule." She smiled. "But I've only been alone a few minutes. Someone has been talking to me up here. Telling me tales of Araby and far Kashmir. But as I've been to both of them it didn't impress me!"

"A man?"

"Of course. He wears a regimental tie all day, and he's good-looking——"

"Oh! Captain Vansittart!"

"——Good-looking in the wrong sort of way. I sent him below."

The chief officer glanced at her. "Good. I was going to speak to you——" He became silent.

"Well?"

"You might misunderstand me."

Elizabeth Vandall looked down at the water. Far below them it rushed and tumbled past the black hull like a mill-race.

"We seem to be going very fast," she said.

"We are," he answered absently. "She's doing eighteen knots, perhaps more now. Odd things happen on ships, Miss Vandall. Some I can tell you about, some I can't." He shrugged his shoulders, and added: "Here's something I can tell you, anyway. Have you ever been in a ship answering an S.O.S.?"

"Why, no——"

"That's why we're going so fast."

"Tell me, *please!*" she asked eagerly.

"It's not known among the passengers yet. Our wireless picked up an S.O.S. an hour ago. A tramp steamer making for Port Sudan. A fireman seriously ill. Scalded in the boiler-room. Dying. She doesn't carry a doctor. We told her to change her course to meet us. We've changed ours, and the chief engineer has knocked up a few more knots out of the engines." He jerked his head towards the starboard side of the deck. "We're getting a boat ready for the doctor."

Miss Vandall's eyes were glistening.

"We often get an S.O.S.," the chief said imperturbably. "We don't always go after it. There's usually someone nearer. But this time we're going. We should sight her in an hour's time, at eleven o'clock. We've told her to send up a Verey light when she's reached her position."

"Thanks so much for telling me," she said. "It's so

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

VOYAGE

Illustrated by
GEORGE LEACH

"A floodlight was hung over her shabby gangway. The big mail steamer was manœuvred slowly to windward of her and stopped"

awfully worth while, isn't it? I mean, a man dying——"

"I suppose so. It 's up to the doc. anyway." He hesitated awkwardly. "I say, Miss Vandall, about that fellow with the regimental tie——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, never mind."

She looked at him curiously. "The band 's still playing. Are you going to ask me to dance?"

"You 'll have to excuse me," he said quickly. "I 've a lot to do. Boats and things, you know."

"Of course. Thanks for telling me—about the ship."

She watched him cross the deck and run quickly down the companion-way; she turned back to the rail.

HALF an hour later sounds from the starboard side of the deck reached her. The ship's boat was being lowered to the level of the promenade deck; its crew sat on the thwarts, silently. The band played on, but the dancing stopped. Miss Vandall looked down. Beneath her, passengers crowded to the rail. Beneath her, too, she felt the urgent throb of the great engines. Astern she saw the wash trailing out under the moon, sparkling like a jewel. Elizabeth Vandall walked for 'ard until the bridge towered above her. Up there it was dark and mysteriously silent. But she knew there were men there, staring ahead, looking for a tramp steamer in which another man, a fireman, lay dying.

She thought suddenly that the sea was a magical thing. . . .

A bell clanged on the fo'c'sle. When its last note had died away a wailing cry came from the look-out: "All 's well." Miss Vandall glanced at her little jewelled wrist-watch. Eleven o'clock. There were men and women at the rail below her, straining their eyes into the darkness. A minute or two passed. Then a rocket soared up ahead of them, a tall spire of gold against the dark sky. It broke at the peak, and under the quick glow of it lay the black hull and the funnel and the spars of a tramp steamer, resting inert and silent, like a phantom ship, broadside to their course, half a mile away. Then the light was blotted out and the tramp was lost to them.

The engine-room telegraph tinkled crisply on the mysterious

bridge, tinkled again as the answer came back. The "Colombo" was slowed to half-speed. Her bows fell away a point to starboard. Another Verey light went up, and the telegraph sounded again. Everything about the "Colombo" was very quiet. The tramp became visible, suddenly near. A floodlight was hung over her shabby gangway. The big mail steamer was manœuvred slowly to windward of her and stopped.

The two ships lay, without movement, looking at each other.

Elizabeth Vandall picked up her long evening skirt and ran, and looked down into the boat that still hung on its falls beside the promenade deck. She saw the ship's doctor climbing into it, carrying a bag. He sat down in the stern beside the second officer; and the boat was lowered expertly until it sat on the water, rising and falling with the long swell. Then the oars were out, and it was pulled away to the tramp; a long, hard pull. It reached the gangway at last; Miss Vandall could see the doctor run up it. He dived into the murky depths of the tramp, a flick of white jacket against black, and vanished. An hour passed, and nothing happened. Then a light blinked in Morse from the tramp's bridge, spelt out its message, was shut off, blinked again. . . . Another hour passed. Passengers who thought they could read Morse found that they couldn't, and argued about it endlessly. At last, vaguely dissatisfied with the progress of the tremendous adventure, they drifted below to their cabins. The decks and the smoking-room emptied until only the quartermaster remained, at the top of the rope ladder. And, above him, Elizabeth Vandall waited, her eyes on the tramp steamer, where the white boat rocked at the gangway under the floodlight.

And at last, just before two o'clock, the chief officer came down from the bridge and found her there. His face was serious.

"Hullo!" he said. "Not gone to bed?"

"No . . . I can't. I'm terribly worried about that man. I don't know why. Why is it? He's nothing to me——"

"Which man?"

"The man over there, of course."

"Oh, yes. . . . The doctor has had signals made to us. The man's alive. Just alive. It's rather difficult." He looked at Miss Vandall and wrinkled his forehead. "I'll tell you about it. It's like this——"

They began to pace the deck together.

At 4 a.m. the "Colombo" was steaming southwards again, picking up her course; and Captain Ivor Vansittart, who had looked at his watch several times in the past half-hour, rose from his bed and pulled a silk dressing-gown over his silk pyjamas. He put his feet carefully and thoughtfully into a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes, opened the door of his stateroom and looked up and down the alleyway. Most of the lights had been switched off. There was no one in sight. He went swiftly towards the stairs leading up to B deck. On the stairs he met a steward. He stopped and said affably: "We've got going again, then, steward?"

"Yes, sir."

"That S.O.S. affair all over?"

"Quite, sir."

"Well, it's too hot to sleep," Captain Vansittart said. "I'm going up to the shower-baths on B deck. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

The steward proceeded downwards, and Captain Vansittart proceeded upwards. He didn't go to the shower-baths on B deck, however. He walked soundlessly past them on his rubber-soled shoes until he arrived at the door of a suite. The door was marked E; and E was the special suite of the mail steamer "Colombo." In the purser's books the name against suite E was "Miss Elizabeth Vandall."

Captain Vansittart stopped just long enough at the door to enable him to glance swiftly up and down the alleyway. He saw nothing but the vista of closed doors and a light here and there. The was no movement anywhere. Deep down below the engines throbbed, almost inaudibly. Very slowly Captain Vansittart twisted the door handle. Once again he looked to his right and his left. He pushed against the door. It opened, and he looked into the hall of the suite. No light was burning there. Captain Vansittart stepped inside and pushed the door nearly shut behind him, so that a dim light came in from the alleyway.

There were three doors in the hall. The two on the left were those of the bathroom and the bedroom; on the right, that of the sitting-room. Captain Vansittart knew all that. The doors were closed. He listened. He was about to make another of his soft and stealthy movements when the bedroom door opened suddenly. The chief officer came out into the hall and stood before Vansittart. The bedroom behind him was in darkness. The chief officer closed the door behind him, keeping his eyes on Vansittart, who did not speak or move.

"Come to my cabin," the chief officer said abruptly.

"Why?" Vansittart asked.

"Come to my cabin."

The chief officer pushed him into the alleyway, and closed the door.

"Come along," he said.

Captain Vansittart shrugged his shoulders and followed. The chief wore a monkey-jacket and a white scarf twisted round his neck, and he walked purposefully. His hand was on Captain Vansittart's silk sleeve. No word was spoken.

Vansittart did some rapid thinking. When they arrived at the cabin he was smiling. They went inside.

"Well?" Captain Vansittart asked.

"What were you doing in Miss Vandall's suite?" the chief officer said quietly.

"Miss Vandall's suite? I'd no idea it was hers. I thought it was empty. It occurred to me that I might take it if I liked it. I was just having a look round."

"Try again, Vansittart."

"That's absolutely true."

"Try *again*."

"Very well, if you must have it. One usually tries to save the lady in these affairs. I was there by invitation."

"Go on."

"I should have thought," the gentleman in the silk dressing-gown proceeded easily, "that the chief officer of a mail boat would be aware that such things sometimes happen in the best regulated ships."

"What things, Vansittart?"

Captain Vansittart shrugged his shoulders. "Let me call your attention, chief officer," he said, "to something else. I am *not* Vansittart to you, please. You're a servant of the Company, not a friend of mine."

The chief officer watched him steadily. "If you don't like being called Vansittart I'll call you 'Aussie'!"

The gentleman in the dressing-gown stiffened.

"'Aussie' Newman," the chief repeated. "'Australia' Newman. Jewel thief. Served five years at——"

"Where'd you get that stuff?" Vansittart snapped at him.

"English police officer at Port Said recognised you. You were careless. You should have stayed in your cabin."

There was a pause.

Captain Vansittart looked up and smiled peculiarly. "Let me put it another way, chief. Supposing — only supposing, mind you—that I am the man you call 'Aussie' Newman. Supposing that I went to Miss Vandall's suite to take some of

(*Continued on page 11*)

The S-portmanteau

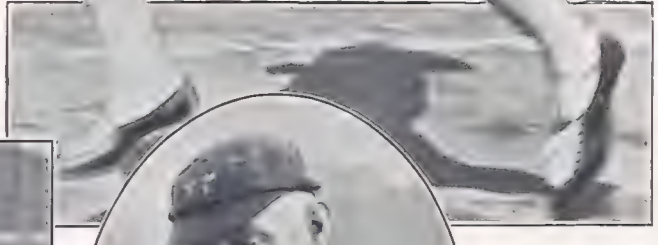
BAGGED IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

A Family Affair

Some of the players in the Mother-and-Daughter Medal Foursomes competition which took place at Roehampton last week. On the left are seen Mrs. Plumpton and Miss D. Plumpton, and on the right Miss Molly Gourlay and Mrs. Gourlay

A Minister at Play

Mrs. D. C. Shepherd-Barron and Sir Samuel Hoare, the Minister of State for India, who played together in the Mixed Doubles at the Roehampton Hard Courts Tournament. They had a very easy passage into the second round



Left: Paavo Nurmi, the most famous runner the world has known. He was recently disqualified from competing in any more amateur contests

Making a Splash

R. D. Swan (Rossall), the winner, leading the field in the Steeplechase event at the Public Schools' Sports held at Stamford Bridge recently. Lancing and St. Lawrence tied for first place

Expert Advice

Left: Mr. Walter Brearley, the famous Lancashire and England fast bowler, giving schoolboys a lesson in the right grip for a spin during net practice at Lord's

Lady Anne Hunloke found she was attracting an unusual "gallery" whilst golfing at Ranelagh. The geese certainly present a picture of the most absorbed concentration!

"Where Did That One Go To?"

Engaged

Alfred Gover, the Surrey fast bowler, and Miss Marjorie Brooks, his fiancée, seen at the indoor cricket school run by the latter's father in conjunction with those two other noted Surrey cricketers, Sandham and Strudwick

The Moles Unearthed

in their match against Les Parisiens at West Hill, by H. H. HARRIS

In Grave Mood

The French Team started their offensive by way of Brookwood Cemetery

The Call of the Wild

E.-St.-G. Hewetson mistakes the call-note of that strange bird, the English caddie, while pointing out the beauty of the countryside to F. Havemeyer and G. Cotz

The Opportunist

A. M. Vagliano, using his partner, Comte L. de Montgomery, as a human spirit-level, made short work of all the long putts

"Tiny" Morrison unable to find suitable words to express the six and five defeat rushes his partner, F. G. L. Fairlie, back to the Club house for the French Classical Dictionary

"Once More into the Beech, dear Friends"

"Boxer" Cannon with the call of spring gurgling through his veins makes a habit of putting his partners in the woods

No Takers!

"Boxer" Cannon as a foursome partner at the end of the day. Alan Powell couldn't give him away—even to Dale Bourn

The Moles go back to earth after being defeated for the first time by Les Parisiens who won the match by four matches to three

Gerard Fairlie *on* GOLF

An International Occasion : Les Parisiens versus The Moles

IN 1924 the late A. C. M. Croome took a team of English golfers to Paris. Originally this team was to have been composed of players of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, but it was found impossible to raise sufficient members of this Society to play in the match, and Croome was compelled to call his side by some other name. In the following year Croome took a team drawn from the members of the Moles Golfing Society to Paris, and for several years this match was played annually. When Croome himself ceased to go with the team, I took over the running of the side, and it was a match to which every Englishman who went to Paris looked forward keenly throughout the year.

John Burke (Lahinch). He has won the Irish Native Amateur Championship for the past two years

Three of Our Walker Cup Team

J. T. Bookless (Inverness), one of the five newcomers to our Walker Cup team which will visit America this year. He is a former Scottish champion and a dour fighter, and was tipped by our golf correspondent as a "probable" last week.

Eric A. McRuvie (Leven Thistle), another newcomer. He holds the Irish Open Amateur Championship

THE match is played entirely by foursomes, and is a week-end engagement, although it loses its international character on the second day. By then the teams have given battle in very friendly but very heated rivalry on the Saturday, and the match is over. The home side entertains the other to dinner on that night, and on the Sunday a Frenchman and an Englishman play against another Frenchman and an Englishman in a four-ball match. In my golfing calendar the date set aside for this Moles v. Parisiens match is encircled in red ink, and only floods or an act of God could keep me from playing. I am but one of eight when I make this statement, for I know that every other member of the Moles who has played in the match would gladly give up all his other golfing engagements in order to keep this one.

CIRCUMSTANCES have so dictated events that it has not been possible to play this match with the English as hosts on an English course until this year, and it gave very great pleasure to those who had received hospitality in Paris to be able to return it, in some small measure, on the occasion of the visit of André Vagliano's side last week-end. The match itself was played at West Hill in glorious weather, and on the following day Wentworth received the teams for the very friendly round. I should like to put it on record that both clubs refused to charge a green fee either to the Frenchmen or to their English hosts, and I know that this act of courtesy was much appreciated by all concerned.

LES PARISIENS chose the occasion of this their first visit to the Moles suddenly to defeat them for the first time in the history of the contest, even after having been misled at the station when they arrived, and forced to approach the golf course *via* the London Necropolis, which had no exit in the direction in which they required to go. Walls are small things, however, to French golfers thirsty for the fray. The margin in the contest was only one match, but there was very little doubt as to the result when the players came in to lunch. Fairlie, finding himself in a position to play himself where he liked in the team, flattered himself most unduly in the morning, and not even some very good play by his partner could save him from the inevitable result. Playing himself in his proper position in the afternoon, he was more successful. Neither Cannon nor Bourn quite justified their reputations, but Morrison, Roberts, and Powell all did well. Craigie and Hewetson covered themselves with glory by remaining undefeated.

(*Continued on page xviii*)

"Khaki" Roberts has the slowest upswing that ever was. In fact, when he left the tees, the French players were doddering old men, and on the right are seen G. Arange and A. Vaughan after a round with Mr. Roberts!

The Moles versus Les Parisiens at West Hill

Left: Miss Mary Heeley, one of our young lawn-tennis players of promise, who did well in the Surrey Hard Courts Championships at Roehampton

Right: A bout in progress at the Foil and Sabre Championships, held at the London Fencing Club

Miss Mary Heeley

Out For a Duc(k)at!

Andy Ducat, the famous Surrey cricket professional, teaching the young idea at Roehampton how to "stir their stumps"

Sport with the

A Fair, Frank and Free Commentary on Games

ALREADY the sensation-mongers are beginning to work up excitement over the choice of a captain for the M.C.C. team which is to visit Australia next autumn. It has even been definitely stated that the authorities have chosen D. R. Jardine, a statement which is obviously premature. No official decision has yet been made, though we all know that Jardine is as likely to be selected as anyone, and it is at least true that he is giving a good deal of thought to the peculiar problem of cricket in Australia.

Jardine, I think, would make an excellent captain, for he is by no means so reserved and difficult to approach as many people imagine. He was extremely popular with the New Zealand players who were over here last summer, and he handles a team with considerable wisdom and tact.

What is more, he would stand no nonsense from the Australians, who are an awkward crowd to tackle. I don't refer to the spectators, who have their own idiosyncrasies, but to the Australian players and officials. Cricket in Australia is not the game we know in this country, but a grim, humourless affair in which the will to win too often dominates the spirit of cricket as we understand it.

A Real English Hope

Jack Petersen, the young Cardiff heavy-weight, described as the English Carpentier, who may soon be the Boxing Champion of England

THERE were incidents during the last M.C.C. tour in Australia which would shock and amaze English cricketers, and whoever captains England on the coming tour will have to take a very strong line on many occasions.

There is, of course, the possibility that A. P. F. Chapman will find his form again, and if he does he will be a candidate for the job. He tells me, incidentally, that he thoroughly enjoyed his West Indian trip, and he is full of admiration for the batting of Hedley, the coal-black West Indian who reeled off the hundreds against Lord Tennyson's team. Hedley is a great batsman, and may be classed with Bradman as a scoring machine.

BY the time these notes appear, the Advisory Committee on County cricket will have considered the proposals for rendering freak declarations unnecessary. Whatever the Committee in their wisdom decide, the fact of the matter is that County cricket is in a parlous state. It was badly hit by the disastrous weather last summer, and another wet season would be ruinous.

County cricket is no longer a game played for the amusement of the players. It is a business proposition dependent upon gate-money. This is an unpalatable and unpleasant

Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

fact, but it is useless to deny it. The Duke of Devonshire, at the annual meeting of the Derbyshire County Club, decried freak declarations, which were made "merely for the satisfaction of a craving for sensationalism." However much we may agree in theory—and it is hateful to think that county cricket is no longer a game, but a public entertainment—the fact remains that the Duke was forced to add that the club's annual report was "satisfactory in everything except the matter of finance."

THERE you have it—the leisurely days of county cricket are past, for, as Mr. B. H. Lyon says, the game has now to compete with dirt-track racing, the greyhounds, and gangster films. A horrible state of affairs, but the authorities will have to face up to it squarely, and they will not find their solution by making minor alterations in the laws.

While we are on the subject of laws, Rugby football players are generally agreed that the new scrummage laws which came into operation this season have proved unsatisfactory. They are not definite enough, and it is still practically impossible for hooking to be strictly legal. W. W. Wakefield has been working on this problem, and he has come to the conclusion that the only way of getting the ball fairly and efficiently into the scrummage is to allow only the two men on the furthest side of the front row to hook. This is an interesting theory, and Wakefield has tried it out, for he refereed a game in which this method of hooking was employed. The results were excellent, and he is now spreading his ideas on the subject among the Rugby authorities with characteristic energy. I am not convinced about it myself, though it is clearly worth trying.

THE defeat of Charlie Hickman, the booth fighter, in his second encounter with the veteran Tommy Tucker, disposes of another alleged British hope. Hickman was never more than a novice, and yet he was written up as if by winning a novices' competition he became automatically champion. He is discredited now, poor lad, and I doubt whether he is repeating the bombastic words of his ancestor, Tom Hickman the Gasman, who, according to Hazlitt, used to display his tremendous right hand and say: "This is the grave-digger. This will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!"

Our Best Bat

Herbert Sutcliffe, of Yorkshire, on whose shoulders the mantle of Hobbs has fallen in Test-match cricket

He was discredited, too, for all his swaggering courage, for Bill Neate, as you will remember, beat him in eighteen rounds, having previously made "a red ruin of his face."

It is salutary to think sometimes of the tragedies as well as the triumphs of the prize-ring.

Mention of boxing reminds me that the meeting between McCorkindale and Carnera duly took place. I remain of the opinion that this match should never have been contemplated. It was a travesty of boxing, and those who had paid good money to see the fight must have come away disgusted at the ineptitude of the whole affair.

The upper photograph, taken at the Gargoyle Club, shows a group including Sir Oswald Mosley in the second row, watching "All-In" wrestling, which appears to be the craze of the moment. Beneath shows, right, Atholl Oakley (British heavy-weight Champion) and Barry O'Brien (Irish heavy-weight Champion). The latter retired after 34 minutes of the sort of thing depicted above

Weddings of the Week

A Busy Time for Bridesmaids

Major Montagu Borcas Burrows, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and his bride, Miss Molly Le Bas, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who is well known as a sculptor, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Bas

Bridesmaids at last week's wedding of Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther and Miss Fey Rechnitzer waving good-bye as the bride and bridegroom drove off from Claridge's after the reception

After the Wedding

Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther and Miss Fay Rechnitzer, leaving the Church of the Assumption in Warwick Street. The bridegroom is Hereditary Carver to the Royal Household in Scotland

Leaving the Oratory

Right: Capt. James Neville, M.C., the elder son of Sir Reginald Neville, Bart., and his bride, Miss Marie Pierson. They were married last week at Brompton Oratory

Above: Mr. Frederick W. F. Oldham and Miss Theresa Jessie Hawkes after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bridegroom is the son of the late Sir Ernest Fitzjohn Oldham and of Lady Oldham

A Breconshire Wedding

Left: A photograph taken after the wedding of Mr. Douglas Duff Gordon and Miss Rosemary Henry at St. Peter's, Glasbury. From left to right are Miss P. Post, Miss Pilcher, Miss M. Baskerville, the bride and bridegroom, Miss I. Price, Major Loudon Greenlaw, Miss C. Henry, and Miss M. Morrison-Bell

Reflecting Age and Quality . . .

THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

Martell's
Cordon Bleu

"Eve" Ladies' Foursomes

At Royal Lytham and St. Anne's

Photographs taken in the opening stages of the Ladies' Northern Foursomes Tournament organised by "Britannia and Eve." Further photographs of this popular golfing event will appear in our next week's issue

In Cheerful Mood

Mrs. Brindle (Addington) and her partner, Miss Diana Fishwick (North Foreland). They give ample proof that Englishwomen certainly do not take their pleasures seriously—far from it!

Below: Mrs. D. Noon, another of the competitors in the "Britannia and Eve" Northern Foursomes. Her big bag of clubs proves that she was certainly well equipped for any eventuality

Starting Out

Mrs. Raymond Cooper and Mrs. Clement setting out to the first tee. They are both members of the Ringway Golf Club

Miss K. Smith and Mrs. Gordon Harrison patiently waiting to take their turn at the first tee. On the right are seen Miss Livingstone and Miss Helm

"... Like Patience on a Monument"

The Lighter Side of Golf

Under Starter's Orders

Left: Mrs. Bason (left) and Mrs. A. Hardicker awaiting instructions to move off to the first tee. The former's club is Prestbury and Upton, and the latter plays for the Wilmslow Golf Club

Right: The Cheerful Spirit well to the fore at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's. Mrs. Philip Lee and Miss Platts, who were partners in the competition, seem to find golf anything but dull

Lunbridge

An afternoon gown in black and white printed chiffon as expressed by Isobel

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THE PIONEER OF
BRITISH MODELS

Round the Town:

WHO'S WHO and WHAT'S WORN

By Jane Gordon

Leaving the Church

Mr. William Makins, Welsh Guards, and his bride, Miss Jean Hay, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The latter is the daughter of the late Lord Arthur Hay and of Mrs. Robert Leatham

AMERICAN men have been slaves to the fashions set them by Englishmen for so many years that it is rather nice to see how our débutantes are returning the national compliment by imitating American débutantes. Our girls of sixteen and seventeen are now out and about and, like the Americans, we call them sub-débutantes; while our eighteen-year-olds are every bit as smart, as far as clothes and make-up and prattle are concerned, as the American girls. Even so, English mothers will have to keep a sharp look-out if they intend to keep up with the pace set them by American mothers, who are now employing professionals to coach their girls in tennis, golf, bridge, and every other form of social sport. I am told that one of the prettiest débutantes this coming season will be Miss Rose Vincent, who is half-American and half-English. She is small and fair, and pink and white.

MISS PEGGY HAMMETT is another very good-looking girl of an entirely different type. She is tall and dark, and her skin is burnt, from the many cruises she has been on, to a lovely even shade of brown. The art of dressing to one's sunburn is a very subtle one, but, when it is done successfully, is most effective. Tailored white evening dresses in either satin or crêpe are, of course, quite charming, and for the day time all shades of pale blue and lemon, as well as lime green, are particularly attractive. To learn what can really be done with sunburn one needs to see the Paris mannequins after their summer holidays. They have brought the sunburn business down to a fine art.

I WONDER how Miss Adele Astaire will enjoy living in the wilds of Ireland when she is married to Lord Charles Cavendish? She is busy at the moment buying her trousseau and collecting the various things which she will need for her future home in County Waterford. I saw her at lunch the other day, and she was wearing a charming little brown jersey dress, with a curious orange scarf which went round her neck, crossed over in front of the bodice, and fastened in a bow at the back. She carried a small barrel-shaped muff to match her mink coat. Her mother, Mrs. Astaire, is one of the best-looking older women I have ever seen, with a slim figure, perfect complexion, not a line or wrinkle on her face, and snow-white hair. She was wearing a plainly tailored dress and jacket of dark-blue crêpe-de-Chine, with a large diamond brooch and a wide diamond bracelet.

THE newest way of making your large chiffon handkerchiefs look different from other people's is to have the head of your pet dog painted in one corner. Mrs. Tom Webster has a Pekinese that she adores, and she was carrying a chiffon handkerchief the other day with his portrait in one corner. But this fashion depends very much on your dog. Mine is a Dachshund, and I am just wondering whether his portrait would add to, or detract from, the elegance of my chiffon handkerchiefs.

PEOPLE who control English fashions are becoming less and less frightened of new ideas. A Bond Street dress-designer is persuading the calico printers to let him have some of the ranges of calicoes that have hitherto been exported to West Africa, for beach pyjamas this summer. Although these calicoes are manufactured here, they have never been seen in this country before. They are mostly designed with batik backgrounds in indigo, with a superimposed pattern, such as a hand or a head. One range was made for West Africa in this country with the head of the Prince of Wales superimposed on it.

Wedding Guests

Three of the guests at the recent Makins—Hay wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. They are Mrs. and Miss Wakefield-Saunders and Lady Diana Wellesley

The Morning Constitutional

Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger setting out with her little daughter, Zoe, for their morning walk. She and her husband occupy a delightful house in Brompton Square

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WANTED ON VOYAGE (continued from page 90)

her jewellery while she was asleep, some of the stuff that I happen to know she leaves about rather carelessly on her dressing-table. I am only supposing this, of course. Just as a matter of interest, what about it? What would you propose doing?"

"Locking you up."

Captain Vansittart shook his head. "Oh, no, no. I don't think you're such a fool as that. You've forgotten something. I was wrong when I said I had an appointment with Miss Vandall. It was you, of course, who had that extreme honour."

The chief officer kept his eyes on him.

"Get on with your story, Newman."

"WELL. . . . I met you coming out of a lady passenger's bedroom at four ack emma, dressed *en déshabille*, shall I say? A young and popular and good-looking chief officer with a hell of a career in front of him. An affair with a wealthy and beautiful Society woman. It looks bad, chief. The Company wouldn't stand for that, you know. And you can't tell your story without *that* coming out, I'll see to *that*. You'd be broke. Looking for a job as mate in a tramp, perhaps. Better call it a deal, chief."

The chief officer picked up the 'phone on his desk.

"What are you going to do?" Vansittart asked sharply.

"I've listened to you long enough." The chief turned and spoke into the 'phone. "Bring me the key of number sixty-five state-room. Yes, at once." He said to Vansittart: "I'm going to lock you up till we reach port. You'll go before the captain in the morning."

"But—you can't do that, you fool! Think of Miss Vandall, anyway."

"If you mention Miss Vandall again I'll forget that I'm the chief officer of this ship, and brain you, you scum!"

A knock sounded on the door. A steward came in, handed a key to the chief officer, glanced curiously at Vansittart, and went out.

"Before we go, 'Aussie' Newman," the chief officer said evenly, "I'll tell you something about Miss Vandall. It will save you elaborating your story any further. I daresay it was a good one as far as it went for a rat like you. There is something you don't know that rather kills it."

"I know enough," Vansittart said sullenly.

"No, you don't. Miss Vandall was not in her bedroom when I met you, Newman——"

"Oh, indeed!"

"No. She wasn't on board."

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Vandall is aboard the tramp steamer 'Rose of Cardiff,' bound for Port Sudan. She went aboard at three a.m. She volunteered to nurse a fireman who may be dying. We couldn't spare a nurse, as we've pneumonia on board the 'Colombo.' He was too bad to trans-ship. We couldn't wait, as we're carrying mails. Miss Vandall insisted, so the captain let her go. She'll save him, I daresay. She's that sort of woman. Well, she's gone, anyway. . . . Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mister blasted 'Aussie' Newman."

"I don't believe it."

"You wouldn't. You've never met that sort of woman. Well, tell your story to the captain and see what he says to you. He's a hard man, the captain of this ship."

"What were you doing in her bedroom, then? After her jewellery, too, I suppose!"

"YES," the chief officer said cheerfully. "Just locking things up and tidying up generally, in case anyone like you came around. Miss Vandall didn't take much with her, and what she left behind she put in my charge. You see, she's going to pick up this ship on the homeward voyage. But that wouldn't interest you, 'Aussie' Newman. You won't be here!"

"Give her my love when you see her," Vansittart said disgustedly.

The chief officer raised his hand quickly, and Vansittart shrank back. But the hand fell on the sleeve of the ornate silk dressing-gown and gripped it.

"Come along 'Aussie,'" said the chief officer.

D. S.

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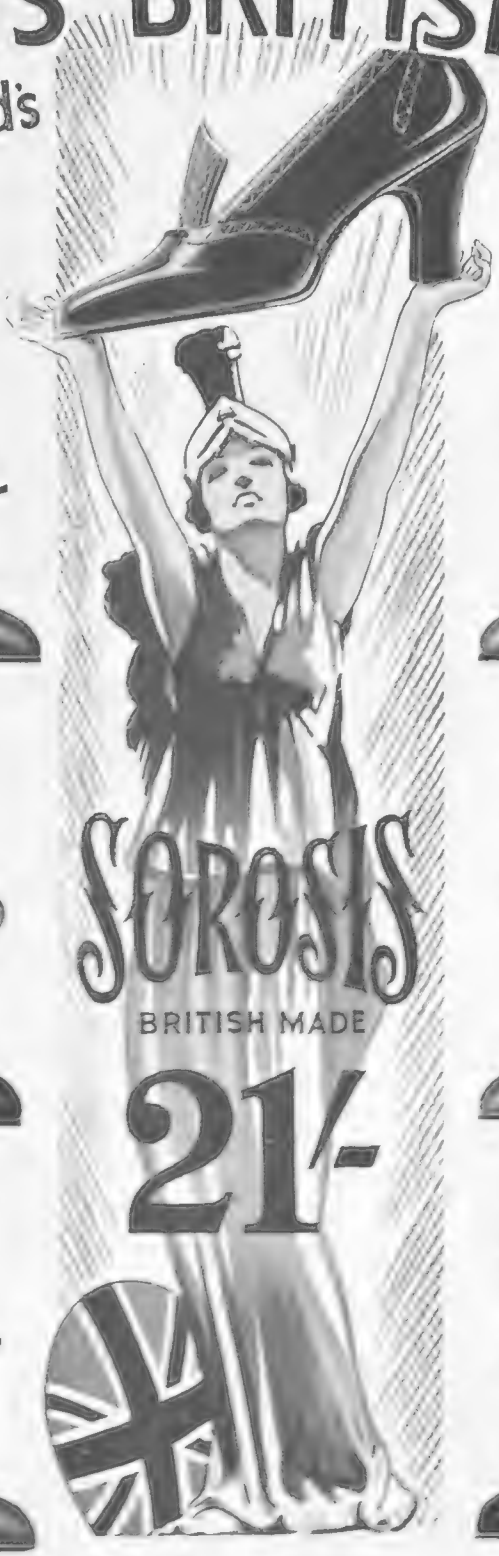

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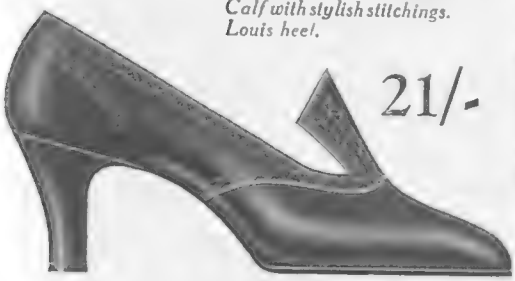

Style 5841. *Sorosis Tie shoe in soft Brown Calf with new high Cuban heel. Also in Black.*

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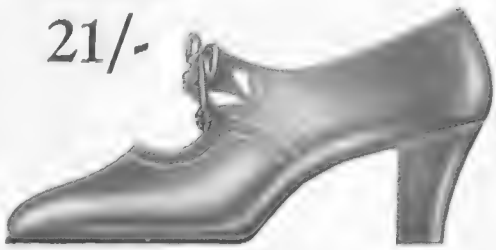

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Royal Entries for Air Race

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The King's Cup

THE published list of entries for the air race of the year includes nearly fifty machines, which, in all probability, will be increased to about sixty by May 1, the last date for acceptance at double fees. The condition that all pilots must have flown solo for more than 100 hours limits the field to professionals and amateurs of considerable experience. The Prince of Wales has entered a Comper Swift, to be flown by his own pilot, Flight-Lt. G. H. Fielden, and Prince George's machine is a Puss Moth, pilot, Flight-Lt. J. G. D. Armour. Lady Bailey and Mrs. Alan Butler will pilot their own Puss Moths, and Miss Winifred Spooner is flying a Gipsy Moth. The new four-seater cabin type Fox Moth is represented by three entries, one being from Lord Wakefield; there are ten Puss Moths, six of the open two-seater type, and eight Comper Swifts. The latter, which is a fast single-seater, has made history since its sole entry last year. Mr. Butler flew one of its type to Australia in record time, after which he toured the Commonwealth, covering 23,000 miles in eight weeks without an overhaul. Another Swift crossed the Andes recently at a height of 18,000 ft., which is a further proof that our smallest light aeroplane is really a practical vehicle for any purpose. Amongst other competitors in the race will be the Avro mail 'plane, which can cruise at 140; two fast twin-engined monoplanes, the Segrave and the Monospar; also the Arrow Active, the Viastra, built by Vickers, and a machine called the Percival Gull, which is, so far, an unknown quantity. Several Avians, a Martlet, and two Bluebirds complete the list to date.

Prince Jean Ghica, with a machine built for the King of Roumania, on the aerodrome at Bucharest. Prince Ghica, who put in some training on a Moth at Stag Lane two years ago, is now on his way to Indo-China. The engine in his present machine is a 240-horse-power "Lorraine," using "Shell"

An Air Ministry Appeal

THE Air Ministry desires to call the attention of the general public to the great difficulty which is sometimes caused by private persons who remove parts of damaged aircraft before officials have an opportunity of examining the crash. It is essential for the public's safety that the Inspector of Accidents should have the opportunity of examining any wreckage before it has been disturbed more than is necessary to assist any of the occupants. The Air Ministry feels sure that no one would wish to retain a broken part of an aeroplane as a souvenir if it were known that this part might be necessary in order to trace the cause of the accident.

Eastbourne on the Air Map

FOR many years Eastbourne has been almost unapproachable by air, owing to the difficulty of finding a place to land; but, thanks to the enterprise of a few residents, aerodrome facilities are now available. The landing ground, which is by no means up to the standard of other amenities to be found in Eastbourne, is nevertheless safe for the private owner and easy to locate. It lies due north of the centre of the town, between the railway line and the main road from Lewes to the coast. Pilots should telephone to Capt. Short, at Eastbourne 3003, or to the Queen's Hotel 2800, before starting off, as this will ensure that a white cross is laid out on the field, and a car is available for transport into the town. The landing fee is half-a-crown, and the four principal hotels have offered specially reduced rates.

Sales and Service

ALTHOUGH the financial depression has only just commenced to recede, aircraft trade has improved in certain directions, and those firms which have machines to sell at the right price should do very well this season. During March, Mr. Brian Lewis' Company, of which Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Junr., is also a Director, sold twelve machines, four being Puss Moths, three Gipsy Moths, three Comper Swifts, and two Avians. Owners of Moths should note that there are now three distributors for England—Brian Lewis' Company, Brooklands Aviation, and Phillips and Powis, of Reading. It is advisable to find out which one is responsible for service in any district, so that there is no delay when this is needed.

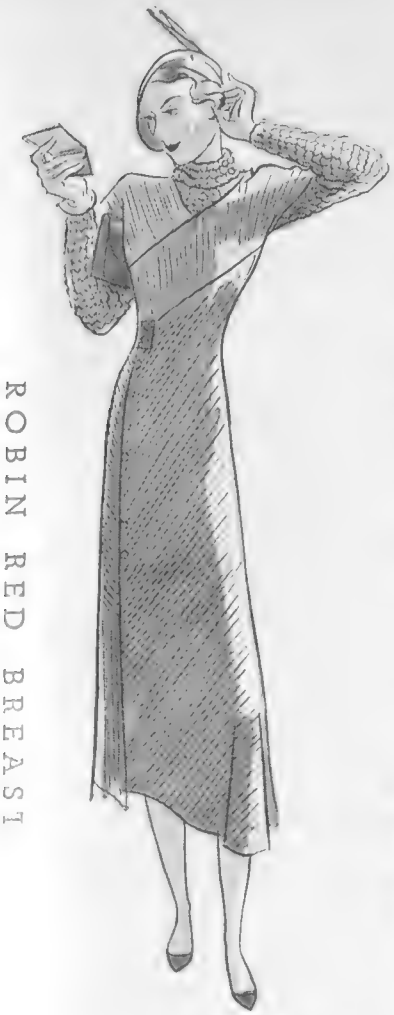
Flying Rates Cut at Heston

AS from the commencement of Summer Time on Sunday next, flying rates at Heston are reduced from five guineas to four guineas an hour for both dual and solo. Licensed pilots may fly solo on school machines at £3 an hour by paying a small deposit, which is returnable. Lessons in navigation are free to all pupils, and with the "A.A." wireless broadcast station operated by Standard Telephones on the spot, people learning to fly at Heston have every modern facility at their disposal.

Our Special Flying Number

THE date of publication of our Special Flying Number this year is Wednesday, May 25. As in previous years, many distinguished people in the world of aviation will be among the contributors, and the special articles and pictures will deal with everything of interest to both the private aeroplane owner and the flying clubs at home and overseas.

The "Aeronauts" Hockey Team, organised by the de Havilland Technical School, which won six matches out of six in the Easter Hockey Festival at Clacton. The team includes students from India, Burma, and Iraq. Mr. Alan Eadon, the Principal of the School, is second from the left in the back row



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» The dress, Picotin, with chic shawl-like trappings of contrasting material simply asks to be worn with it. From the Gown Department, 5 gns.

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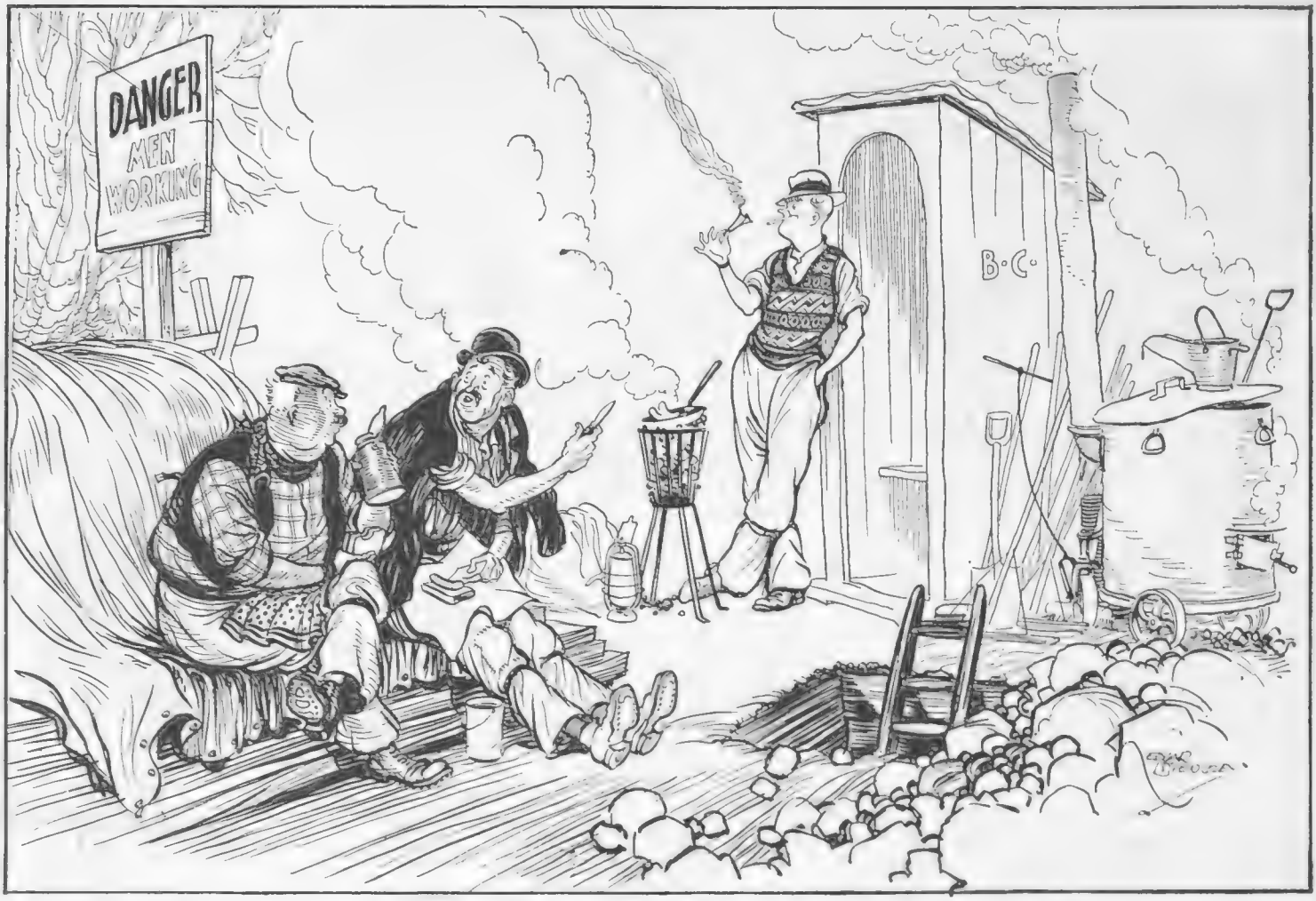

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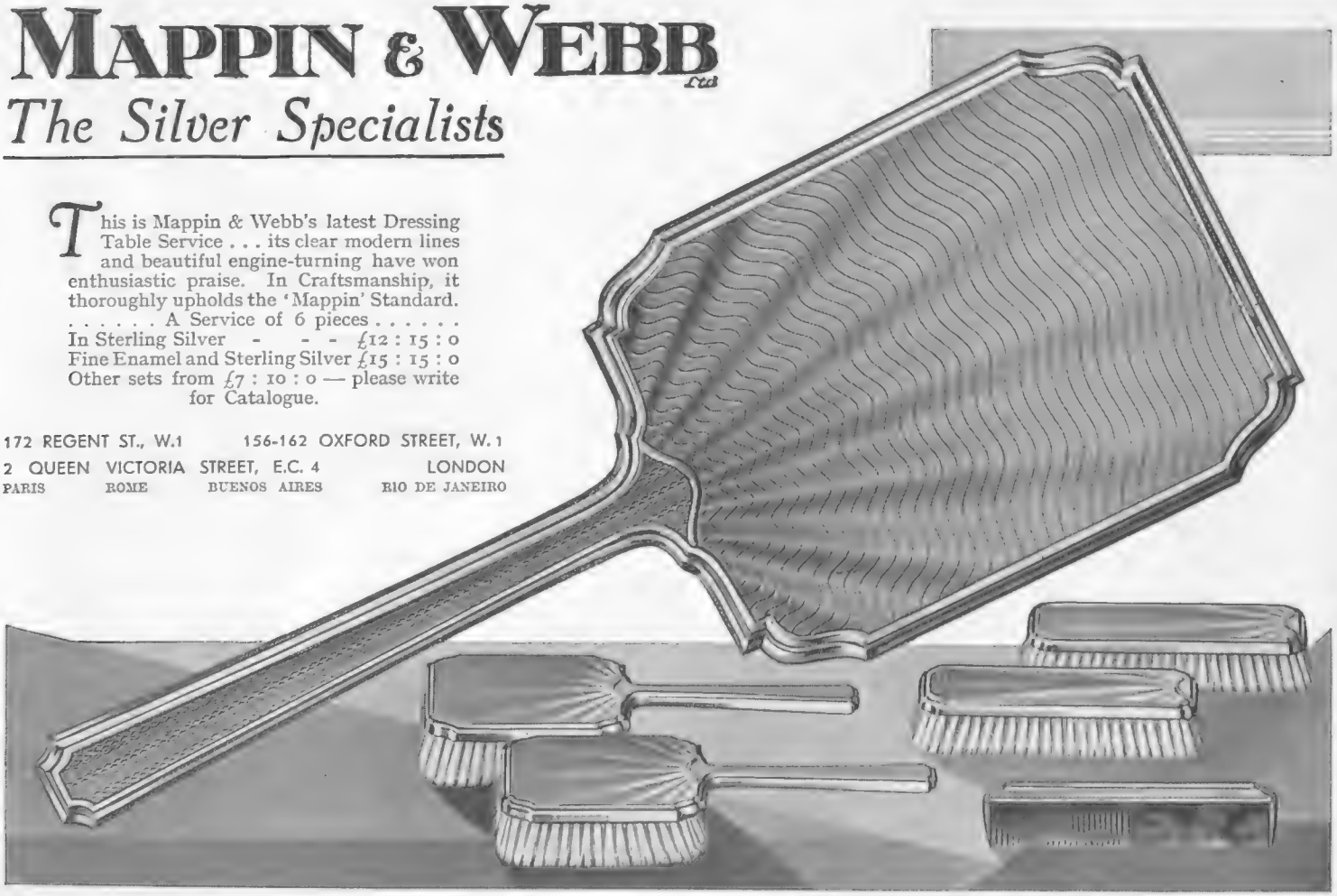

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The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia

Whose interesting book of memoirs, "Once a Grand Duke," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Cassell at 15s.

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when he gave the
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From the historical
of view, *Once a Grand Duke* is the
valuable of the various accounts
by members of the Romanov
because of its writer's close intimac
Nicholas II.

So much has been written about the Russian tragedy and the Revolution that there would seem little left to be said. But in *Once a Grand Duke* (Capell; 15s.), the Grand Duke Alexander gives us another aspect of the story. He was not only a favourite cousin of the Tzar, but also his brother-in-law, having married the Grand Duchess Xenia. He, therefore, writes from an entirely intimate point. Again and again members of the Romanov family warned the Tzar of impending disaster. In 1916, the Grand Duke himself wrote to the Tzar.

"Strange as it may sound, Nicky, we are witnessing the unbelievable spectacle of a revolution being promoted by the Government. . . . I do not know whether you will take my advice or not, but I do want you to understand that the coming Russian Revolution of 1917 is a pure product of the efforts of your Government." The late Grand Duke Michael, a brother of the Grand Duke Alexander, and who lived so many years in England, wrote about the same time to the Tzar from London: "I sincerely hope, Nicky, you will find it possible to satisfy the just demands of our people before it is too late."

Further on, the Grand Duke says: "The throne of the Romanovs was destroyed, not by the future leaders of the Soviets and not by the bomb-throwing youngsters, but by titled persons who wore resplendent Court uniforms, and by bankers, editors, lawyers, and university professors who lived on the bounty of the Empire." Touching upon the supposed great wealth of the Tzar, he says that if Nicholas II. had succeeded in reaching England, he would have had to work for his living.

The Tzar had something over two millions a year, but very

I must confess to a
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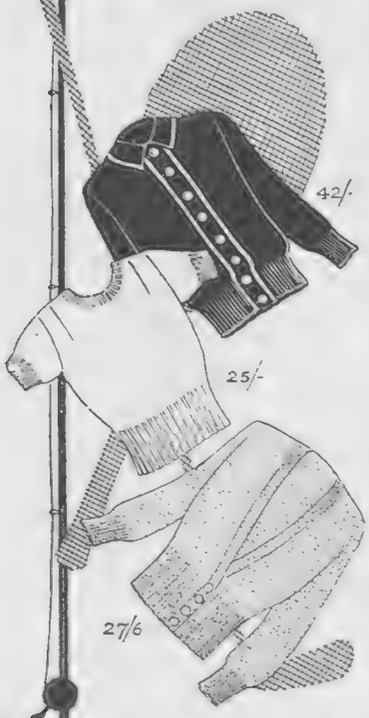

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made in a fine wool mousse in black, this model shows the russian influence in its use of green, gold and white embroidery on the tunic to-dice and above the deep cuffs of green georgette. the flared skirt and wide patent leather belt are also notable. may be copied in other shades. **12/-**

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the ubiquitous tailored costume varies its classic lines, in this model of fine diagonal suiting, and chooses a fitted coat with link fastening, and a skirt that is as novel in design as it is slim in line. coat lined with satin, may also be tailored in other suitings. **16/6**

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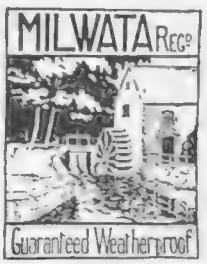

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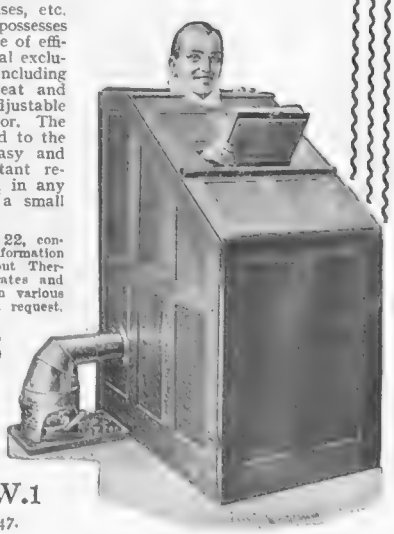

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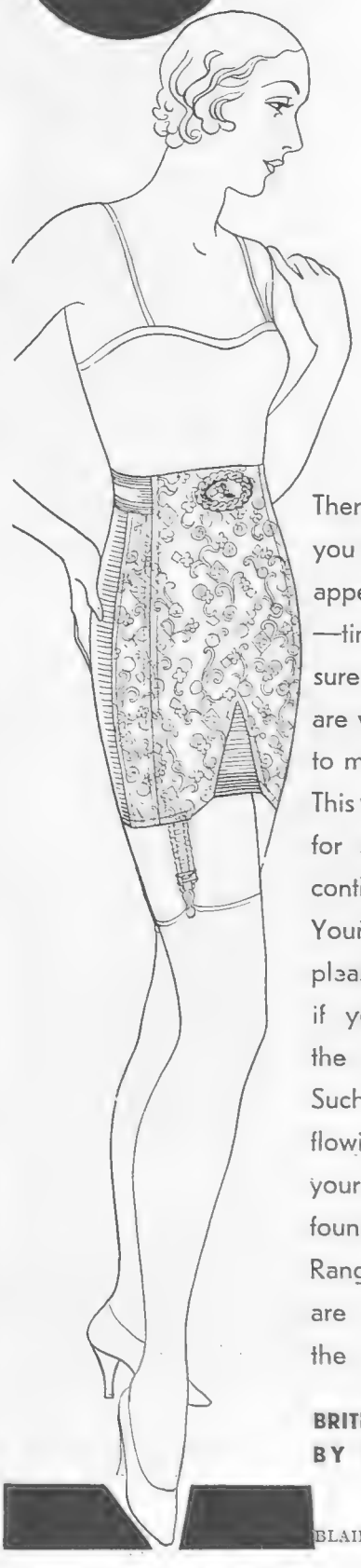

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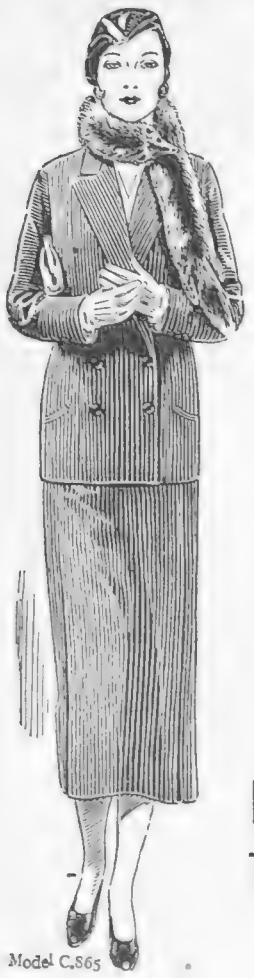

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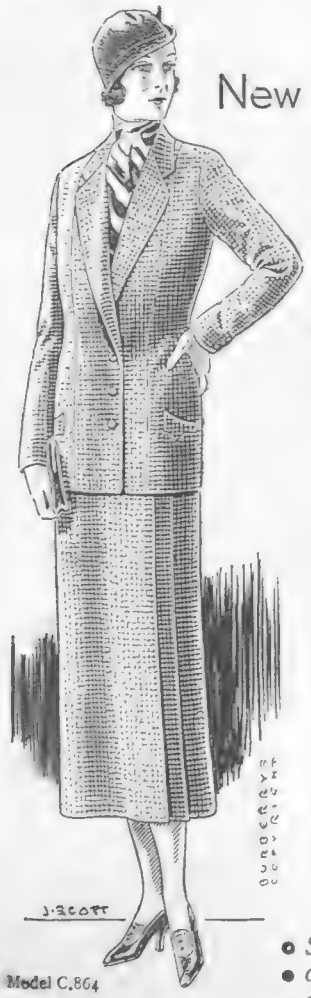

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Dyes and artificial hair paints, are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

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"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 16), 68, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

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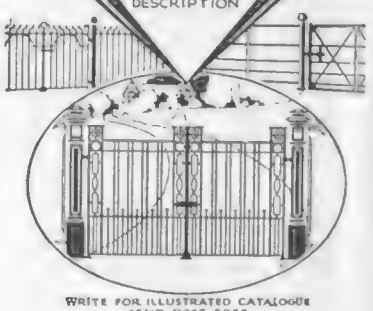

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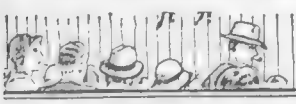

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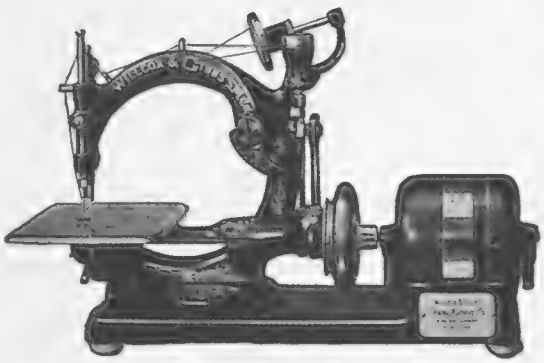

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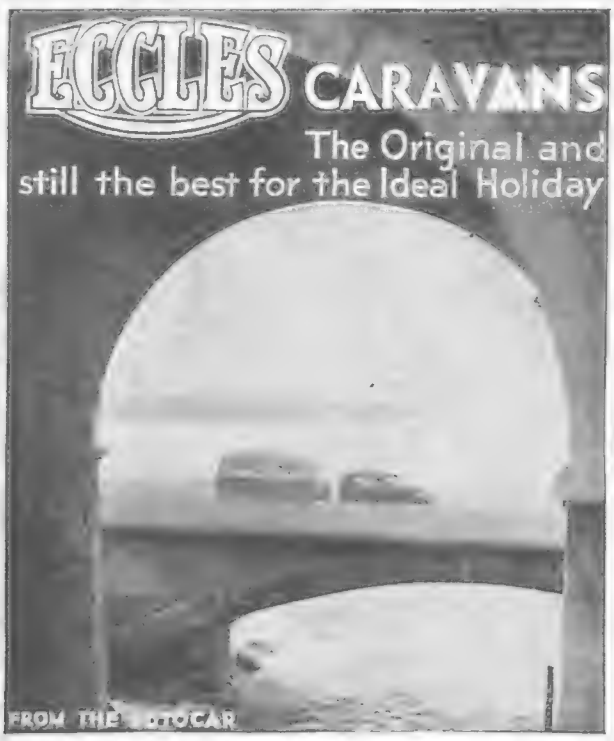

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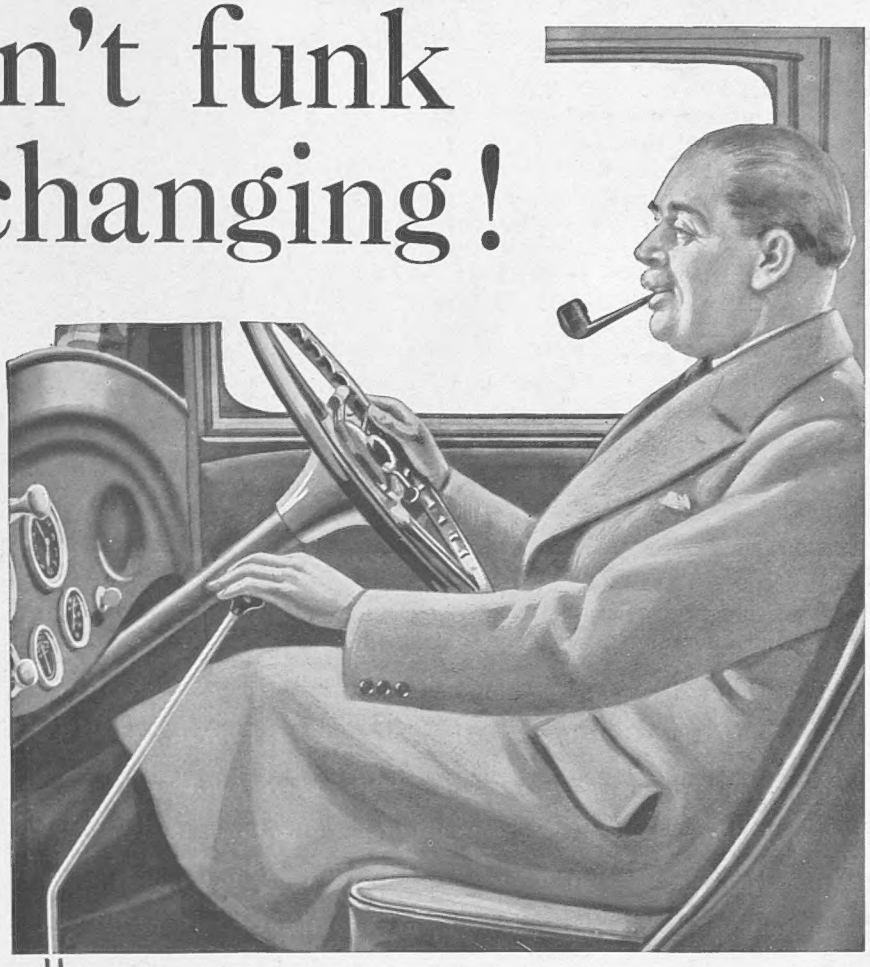

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1. Jem Bland, well-known bookmaker of that time.
2. An Inn at Doncaster, which was a popular betting-mart.
3. Bought as a yearling by the Duke of York. Afterwards purchased by His Majesty King George IV.
4. Owned by General Grosvenor. Beaten by Maria in a match at Newmarket, 1826.

Sir Edward: "So the horse went right but the bet went wrong."

Angela: "And the old boy got nothing out of it at all."

Sir Edward: "No. As £400 was due to him, rather than accept £200 he washed the whole thing off the slate."

Angela: "Dignified, but unremunerative. Just fancy though—a bookie not being able to read or write. No wonder things went wrong now and then."

Sir Edward: "This Jem Bland was quite a big man in his day. There's a story of how he laid someone £100 to a walking stick against Theodore for the Leger of 1832."

Angela: "Who won?"

Sir Edward: "Theodore, and the fortunate owner of the walking stick."

Angela: "What fun. If I'd lived in those days I should have gone to Ascot with an armful of umbrellas. Which reminds me. Remember the 'monkey' I netted over 'Umbrella' at Lingfield? Well, I met the Colonel just afterwards, and he told me a friend of his had cleared a cool thousand on it."

Sir Edward: "A good win."

Angela: "Wait. You haven't heard the laugh yet. He only *thought* he'd won it. It seems that this friend of the Colonel's dealt with some bookie who had weird rules about limits, and only a quarter of the money was 'on'."

Sir Edward: "So he was £750 short? What extraordinary behaviour on the part of his agent."

Angela: "Don't worry—he's not his agent any longer. Directly he heard about it the Colonel took the sufferer along to Stuart House."

Sir Edward: "Ah. So next time he won't be worried by mysterious 'rules' cropping up."

Angela: "Rather not. If he deals with Duggie he'll always know where he stands."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

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